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FROM THE PESSIMISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

HE WAS standing on the old bridge at Stony Brook late one afternoon in June, and his elbows rested carelessly on the pointed wooden top of the stone railing. The slanting rays of the setting sun lit up the whitewashed walls of the old mill hard by, and the sluiceway, fallen to pieces through age, together with the battered mill-stone, half buried in the roadway to one side, gave the whole place an ancient and time-worn appearance, which bring forcibly to one's mind the days of the Revolution, when Washington passed by on his way to the battle of Princeton. But the solitary figure on the bridge was thinking of none of these things. He was gazing steadfastly down into the water below, where a little brook, swollen by the spring rains, flowed through the newly-ploughed fields and emptied into the larger stream beneath the bridge.

Somehow this afternoon he wanted to be alone, and he had taken this walk out to the historic bridge because he knew he could think better while walking than in his room in Reunion. As he stood leaning over the railing, looking down into the water

flowing silently below, he turned his thoughts back to the time when, as a rough country lad, he had left the little New England farm in the heart of the Berkshires, and had come to the sleepy college town which he was so soon to leave. Yes, at the end of Senior year the time seemed so short since he had been a Freshman, and as he thought of the many things he *might* have done in those four years, he felt provoked because he had not even tried to do them. It was not his fault that he was somewhat of a pessimist and a cynic. He could not understand why he was so unpopular. Had he not started out with the determination to be elected to one of the big clubs in his Junior year? Had he not always tried to be intimate with the influential men in the class? And yet he had always found something to make him disgusted with himself and particularly with everybody else, so that he had wished many a time during those four years that he was through with the whole business. He had never been deeply interested in his work—not that he wanted to be a “poller;” far from it—yet it would, at least, have been pleasanter for him had he not given up in despair whatever he tried to do. In Freshman and Sophomore years his conversation was never so animated as when he vented his wrath against higher mathematics. Why, he would ask, weren’t they a little *lower*—say within the reach of two or three in the class? Having said this, he never studied the lessons; never even opened his book; so that when examinations were over he found himself with a condition, all of which he thought most unjust. In the Junior and Senior electives he had hoped to make great progress; but hardly had he started on the year’s work when he discovered that he had chosen just the courses he did *not* like. And as he stood on the old bridge in the twilight of this beautiful June afternoon, he came to the conclusion that he had not made a brilliant success of himself, and wondered whether he had been repaid for coming to college at all.

His views on athletics were different from those of anyone else; that was the chief reason why he had such views. His friends had no objection to his holding whatever opinions he pleased, so long as he did not talk to them about what he

thought ought or ought not to be done. He did not believe in going down to practice, because he imagined an hour's exercise with a base-ball pleasanter, and of more benefit to himself. In fact, he had only been inside the "cage" twice during his whole course, and then only for a few minutes to please a friend. When the team was defeated in a championship game, instead of feeling glum about it, as he did of most things, he inwardly rejoiced; for, as he said, there would be no further incentive to crack players to come to college solely to play on one of the teams. Somehow he seemed to think these a hindrance rather than a help to the welfare of his Alma Mater. His friends at the club, as they informed one another just how the game *ought* to have been played, mentally put down this view of the athletic question as one of the eccentricities of the pessimistic mind.

But it was in the giddy whirl of Princeton society that he shone brightest, and the last four years had developed the country lad into a typical "society man." His craving for what was "good form" became almost a mania, and he was just beginning to flatter himself that people might now call him a representative man of his class. It was upon him that the reputation of his club depended, as far as being frequently represented in dress suits and patent leathers was concerned. That was why, at the mere mention of anything in dress, passing along the street, he would jump from his seat at the table and rush to the window to see whether it was any one whom he knew. And yet, no one of his most intimate friends could have told you whether he really enjoyed it or not. He was simply one of those, as John Ruskin says, "who want to 'get into good society,' not that they may have it, but that they may be seen in it; and their notion of its goodness depends primarily upon its conspicuousness."

The solitary figure on the bridge, as his restless glance wandered listlessly over the rolling country about him, the quietness and peace of the old place making him forget where he was, thought over the things he had done at college, and realized now how insignificant they were in comparison with what he might

have done. At last when the shadows began to grow dim in the approaching twilight, he roused himself from his reverie and started slowly homeward along the road beside the stream. Around the corner of the large "triangle," past the tall spectre-like water-tower, sharply outlined against the evening sky, up Mercer street and through the seminary grounds, quiet now save for the strains of a melodeon floating out of an open window in "Old Sem," and finally up the stone steps from the station. Just then the bell in Old North tolled seven, and immediately after the wanderer could hear the Seniors on the steps lifting up their voices to the old familiar tunes, and he quickened his pace a little, as he thought how long he had been gone.

The front campus was crowded with students, many in tennis suits, some lying on the grass, others leaning against trees, still others standing in little groups smoking and talking of the last base-ball game.

After the Seniors had risen to sing "Old Nassau," it seemed as if they put their hearts into the song; after they had cheered for their class with a "three-times-three," after the crowd on the campus had dispersed, each one yelling at the top of his lungs for someone else, and as the rooms in the dormitories were being lit up, one by one, there remained still one solitary figure, leaning against the giant elm, near the library. He waited until all were gone, and then walked slowly over to the steps and sat down. The electric light on Nassau street, shining through the trees, threw fantastic shadows in front, and the bronze lions guarding the doorway seemed to look down at the figure on the steps, as if he were an intruder. And there, where so many of his classmates had but lately been, he sat alone with his elbows resting on his knees, his head buried in his hands and continued his gloomy thoughts. He had left the little farm in the Berkshires, and had entered college, intending later to study law, but he had come to the conclusion, during his course, that he was not fitted for a lawyer. In fact, he had not, as yet, found anything for which he was especially fitted. He had never done anything in his Hall, even though he had attended several meet-

ings. He never made a speech; never had anything to say; and, in the words of George Eliot, "having nothing to say, abstained from giving wordy evidence of the fact." Clearly he could not be a lawyer.

But there was one thing of which he was absolutely certain—that he would *never* be a farmer. If there was anything on this earth which he loathed, it was to sit in the middle of a field, exposed to the blazing heat of a midsummer sun, and pick weeds out of a tomato patch. Heremembered too well the long hours he had spent before he came to college under just such circumstances, and the mere thought of it made him shudder. To think of going back to that little, insignificant, uninteresting town, and for his sole amusement to listen to the country wits throw out their time-honoured jokes from the top of dry-goods boxes in the village store—the very idea seemed positively revolting. And yet, he must do something for a living, and the time was not far off when he must decide definitely what that something was to be. He would not be a farmer—that was certain. But what else could he do? He had not found, during his whole college course, a single line of study in which he was in the least interested. He had often pictured to himself the stir he was going to make in the world; but when, at the end of Senior year, he found himself at the very bottom of his class, his hopes of becoming anything of note in his chosen profession, were dashed to the ground at one stroke. To cap the climax, he had only to-day received a letter from his father, saying, that after due consideration, he had concluded that his son had not proved himself worthy of being a lawyer; nor, in fact, did he consider him fitted for any profession; so that he had decided to bring him back to the farm as soon as he graduated, if, as he ironically added, he graduated at all. The practical New England farmer no doubt intended to impress upon his son that a college education is a privilege—a privilege which had not been granted to him—and that to use this privilege rightly, ought to have been his aim. The point which the father especially dwelt upon, was that his son would never have as good a time again, and would, in the future, regret that he had viewed life from his limited experi-

ence, in such a pessimistic light. And the figure on the steps gave a grunt of dissatisfaction as he thought of the gloomy prospect before him.

He must have been there a long time, for just then the old bell in the tower struck nine, each stroke sounding clear and mellow in the still evening air. And when the last faint echoes had died away in the distance, the figure on the steps arose and went slowly over to his room in Reunion.

* * * * *

High up in the cloudless sky, the August sun blazed fiercely down upon a broad and fertile field along the slope of one of the Berkshire hills. In the centre of the field, exposed to the burning heat, a young man was busily engaged in weeding a tomato patch, and the basketful of weeds, near at hand, showed the result of his morning's work. Now and then he drew his shirt sleeve across his dripping brow, only to return to his hopeless task. Soon the sound of a horn was wafted over the fields from the little white farm-house further down the slope, and, as the last note died away, the young man started toward the house with his basket under his arm.

Along the hot and dusty road winding through the hills, a man was slowly driving, and, as he left behind him the little white house on the hill, the sound of some one singing in the adjoining field caused him to stop his panting horse and listen. Far up the slope a solitary figure was slowly trudging along, and in a sweet yet sad voice, he was singing the song he knew so well :

"Still we banish care and sadness,
As we turn our memories back,
And recall those days of gladness,
'Neath the Orange and the Black."

Andrew C. Imbrie.

A WAR-TIME TALE.

"We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed and we wept."

* * * * *

"But in my spirit will I dwell
And dream my dream and hold it true;
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell."

IT WAS a dreary afternoon. Great masses of gray clouds were swept across the sky, typical of the war clouds that, at that time, dimmed the horizon of the nation.

The waters of the rambling Rappahannock were, in those days, literally tinged with blood.

"I wonder if the blood of soldiers is the seed of the state, just as the 'blood of martyrs is the seed of the church,'" mused Captain Randolph, as he sat on a battered and half-burned stump and watched a couple of men from his company build a mound over a dead companion's grave, with twigs, bits of stone and earth.

"However it may be, that dead soldier was a hero," he said. The night before had been one of those wild, weird nights, when the mist and fog that rose from the surface of the river was chill and clammy, and the sentinels encircled in its miasmatic folds were drowsy, as if drugged by the dark and dismal spirit of the swamp. One man, alone, was thoroughly awake and alert. Leaning on his gun, he listened to the creaking of the black branches and the rustling leaves, as the wind swayed gently them to and fro.

"What is that!"—a ghostly yell, like the cry of a screech-owl!

"Ah, another!" What does it mean?

The sentinel, dropping to the ground, listened.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of an army on the march, mingled with the breaking of branches, as they made their way through the underbrush.

The sentinel leaped to his feet.

Two sharp reports—one meant life to the camp, the other, death to the picket.

For, after the alarm, the advance, the skirmish and the battle won, the body of the sentry, with the hole of a bullet through his breast, was tenderly carried to camp by his comrades, and now they were giving him the last rites due the slain soldier.

Captain Randolph slowly and reverently opened a package that had been taken from the dead soldier's knapsack.

Drawing out a letter, well-worn and with traces of tear-drops upon it, he read :

"DEAREST JACK—Papa says that I must not see you again and if you join the Yankees he'll shoot you on sight.

"Darling, I love you more and more each day. I long for the time when this cruel war will be over and you can come back to me again. I am praying for your safety all the time. Good-bye, dearest.

"Your own LUCY.

"P. S.—I send this by Sam, as he can be trusted."

No date or mark to indicate the author or whence the letter had come.

Beside the letter in the package there was a tiny lock of brown hair, with a glint of gold in it, as poets say, also a photograph of a beautiful girl, with great, dark eyes, sweet and soulful.

Captain Randolph gazed at the picture long and tenderly ; then, with a voice husky with emotion, murmured : "Poor girl, poor girl. Your lover will never come back to you. You may watch and wait for him among the maples and magnolias of your Southern home, but all in vain."

* * * * *

During the next few weeks the course of the war had moved the camp a number of miles further down the river. On the one side of the stream was the Confederate camp, on the other the Union.

On a brilliant night while the tiny stars were struggling for recognition in the clear, cold light of an Autumn moon, Captain Randolph was pacing up and down the bank of the river watching the camp-fires in the back-ground play hide-and-seek with the shadows of the wood. In the placid waters of the stream the long drooping branches of the overhanging trees were pictured and the quiet beauty of the scene filled the soul of the Captain with a longing to be far away from the struggle and strife of war.

Was it an angel's breath that cooled his brow and brought him rest and peace?

For his life had been a lonely one. Early thrown on his own resources he had won his way to fame by hard knocks, rough handling, honest determination.

Of the "quality of mercy" he had but little, at least he thought so, though his comrades might have told a different story, and for love—why he hardly knew what that was.

"Love! What did it mean to him? Who loved him? Why should he love anybody? Umph! all that's good enough for children and—and fools, but what had a man of the world to do with love?"

All this he had often said to himself, but that was before he had seen that photograph.

Ah, that picture! that picture! Those beautiful eyes had burned into his very soul; the vision of that beautiful girlish face would not leave him.

Was this strange, half fearful feeling—yet so sweet,—that dominated his entire self, was it love?

He stopped a moment to analyze his feelings in an avenue of light, where the rays from the camp-fires mingled with the rays from the moon and tinged everything with an ivory whiteness.

Love—yes, there was no doubt of it now.

"It must be love, it *is* love," he said, "and yet how strange—in love with a picture and the original of that picture loved another."

There was peace and rest now to the troubled soldier for a little time—but every Eden has its serpent. Suddenly he started

forward a step or two as the thought struck him: "Someone else may woo her—may even win her. Oh, heavens! what shall he do?"

He must seek her—find her—tell her of his love. There must be no delay. He must get his discharge at once. He must—"

Sleeping nature was startled by a sharp report. A stinging sensation in the breast, a sharp pain, a stagger or two, and Captain Randolph fell unconscious, shot by a sharp-shooter on the opposite shore.

* * * * *

When the Captain next opened his eyes they fell on the white walls of an army hospital. Everything was dim, hazy, indistinct and he was but vaguely conscious of a soft, cool hand bathing his forehead and a sweet, far-away voice telling him to lie still and not try to think. The voice, mingling strangely with the fancies and dreams that flitted through his brain, seemed that of an angel and the light touch of the slender hand across his fevered brow was so pleasant that he wished for nothing else, but to lie there forever in a lotus-eating land of fancy.

Presently, however, he slightly turned his head and raised his eyes.

At his side stood the original of the photograph! It did not seem at all strange, for was not this but the embodiment of his visions? Did not his angel have the same face and form?

It was not until some time had elapsed that he was startled from dreamland to reality by a movement of the spirit to give him some bad-tasting medicine. Raising slightly he whispered: "Pardon me, but is your name Lucy?"

"Why, yes; how did you know?" was the answer. But all the wounded soldier could say was, "Poor girl; poor girl!"

"Do you know my Jack? Has anything happened to him?" she excitedly demanded.

The Captain's face told her the tale and with a look of agony in her sad, sweet eyes, she turned away.

When Captain Randolph had grown stronger he told her all—except his passionate love—and gave her the letter taken from Jack's knapsack, reserving the lock of hair and photograph for himself. In return she told him how her father had been shot in a guerilla skirmish and, having few ties to bind her to the South, she had found her way North and had entered this Union hospital to care for Jack's comrades and perchance see or hear some news of him.

Day by day passed by and the Captain's love for his beautiful nurse increased more and more. Irritable when she was away, he listened ever so impatiently for the sound of her footstep and the tones of her voice. Loving her with his entire heart and soul, it touched him to the quick to see her grow sadder and more pale day by day.

Slowly and surely irresistible fate impelled him nearer and nearer the hour when he knew he must tell her of his love.

One evening when the sinking sun was sending his last rays through the western windows to trace strange hieroglyphics on the white walls of the hospital, and the dying wind was caressing the great oak just outside and whispering tender farewells to its leaves and branches, he told her of his love.

Taking her little hand between his two great ones, he looked up into her face and passionately poured out his story. His intense earnestness lent him eloquence as he told her of his past life, the finding of her picture and a little later, the true depth of love.

She listened with down-cast eyes and trembling frame to his avowal, then suddenly pulling her hand away and bursting into tears, said between the sobs: "Don't speak to me so; please don't. No, I can never love you as I did my Jack. I can never love any person again—his memory is all that I can have."

Then turning her beautiful face toward him with tears in her dark eyes, she said:

"Good-bye; I shall remember you for Jack's sake," and she was gone.

The rapidly sinking wind gathered itself together for a final effort and with a moan that stirred each tiny leaf, died entirely away just as the sun set behind the distant hills.

* * * * *

The grim black hearse drew slowly out of the little graveyard as Captain Randolph stood beside her grave a few weeks later and watched the old sexton of the chapel across the way throw in the hard, cold clods upon her coffin.

A little darkey walking down the road was singing, and the western wind wafted these words to the soldier's listening ears :

"All dis world am dark an' dreary,
Ebbrywar I roam."

J. McGill White.

NEMESIS.

I.

I LOATHE that dreary stretch of stream
That flows along so dark and still,
With only here and there a gleam
Of sunlight as it rounds the hill ;
Where other waters laugh and play
It glides in silent gloom away.

It is so treacherous and black,
Unruffled by the slightest breath,
That with a shudder I turn back
As from the frowning face of death,
For even the foliage seems to shrink
Away from the threatening, dreary brink.

There dwells a devil in these depths
Whose face no eye but mine hath seen—
He tore my darling from my arms
And bore her to his realms of green—
Yet still I linger near to see
Him give my darling back to me.

II.

To float adown the stream
 And watch the clouds on high ;
 To hear the marsh-bird's scream
 Across the fleecy sky,
 And now an insect's note, so shrill, so gay,
 Stabbing the stillness of the summer day.

'Twas thus I met my love ;
 From an old house on the lea,
 She leaned far out above
 And smiled across at me ;
 The careless breeze blew back soft, brown hair,
 And kissed her lips as she stood smiling there.

III.

Go, lovely rose, float lightly down
 The river, past the quaint old town,
 Past the decaying quay,
 To the dear window where my sweet
 Is leaning on the window-seat
 To keep her tryst with me.

IV.

Oh tree, oh tree, I am tired and world a-weary—
 Let me rest my head against thy shaggy coat—
 No matter how dreary
 The world may be, thou dost not catch a single mote
 Off its grim weeping.
 Oh pine, thou art the same from year to year,
 Thy matchless green still keeping
 In balmy spring or winter cold and drear.

It happened but yesterday—

I was floating beneath her window as of old,
 And she, in the self-same way,
 Was leaning out and listening to the tale of love that I told—
 I could see the fond light play in her deep, blue eyes,
 And the blood across her face
 Like the crimson West where the daylight slowly dies—
 But—oh God—she leaned too far in that treacherous place—
 I caught the gleam of her dress beneath the wave.
 Deep, deep did I dive and caught her to my breast—
 But a devil—I see him now—though my friends believe I rave—
 A devil—I swear it—tore her away from me as I held her pressed

Against my heart—I can hear her scream—
And I, like a corpse, went floating down the stream.

V.

There is no fate in the breeze that blows
The perfumed petal from the rose,
Although the rose must sigh and moan.
There is no fate in the gale that rends
The limb from the tree for its own wild ends,
Although the limb lies limp and dead,
And the tree with grief bows down its head.
Then why should I say it was fate's decree
To take my darling thus from me?

VI.

To trust in this or that, what does it matter?
God, Fate and Providence—are they all the same—
Things which a moment's doubt may serve to shatter—
Does Christendom adore, then, but a name?
My heart says no, and I shall heed my heart,
Because my love, I know, would wish me to—
Oh, love, some day we shall not need to part—
The day when I shall come through space to you.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

THE FIFTY-NINE MAN.

*Tempora labuntur, tacitæque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*

—*Ovid.*

AS OLD John Drayton walked up the steps from the railroad station, he could not help thinking that after all it was hardly fair to drop down upon Stanley in this fashion, without a word of warning. But as he could not have foretold even his own unexpected Eastern trip twenty-four hours before his departure, he felt innocent on the score of not having given notice, and surely there could be no objection to a graduate's visiting his alma mater at whatever time and in whatever manner he pleased.

All the way to Princeton he had been wondering how the old place would look with its improvements, and he had drawn mental pictures of the new buildings, which satisfied him better than the photographs at home. He knew from careful study of the diagram in the catalogue, just how to get to Reunion, but when he found himself on the campus a quaint idea seized him to drift around until he should run across Stanley at random. "Find out how the rascal spends his time," he said to himself, with what he considered a very sly wink, but as a matter of fact the old gentleman's benevolent face never could wear a sly expression, and the smile that played at the corners of his mouth was a very good-natured smile indeed.

He walked straight towards Reunion, and whether it was the rarified atmosphere of the Princeton hills, or some magic incense that hovered about the place, he felt remarkably young for a man who had passed his half-century mark some years ago, so that he would have liked to join the ball players that were scattered about on his right, and felt that if he could only have the bat for a few minutes, he could knock a ball considerably higher and farther than that man in the blue shirt, and might possibly send it clean down to the gymnasium.

In front of Reunion there was a mingled crowd of men of every kind of appearance that a college affords. It was half-past six now, and they seemed to have plenty of time on their hands. Some were talking in little knots, some wandering back and forth without any assignable purpose, and one group right at the Triangle, singing. Some of these latter wore mortar-board caps; Drayton remembered that his class had tried to introduce the custom. Somehow, it had not turned out very well at that time.

It troubled him a little at first, although he knew it was only natural, to find that he did not feel quite at home in that lively and happy crowd. Old North stood guarding the campus as proudly as ever, and he did not feel like an intruder when he looked at the dear old hall, but the crowd around him seemed for a few moments as belonging to a different life from his. *They* did not seem to take any such view of the matter, but, on

the contrary, left him entirely unnoticed, and it was this that made him feel a little lonely. He would not have been offended in the slightest if one of them had said, "I wonder if old rusticus is a graduate," but it did seem for a moment or two that there was no difference, after all, between a stranger who was a graduate and any ordinary stranger. This feeling wore off in a very short time, and he began to feel that his gray hair and frock coat were all that kept him from being one of the boys. He wanted to get acquainted with them, and he was quite sure that he could join in the singing, if he only knew the words. So he relinquished his original plan, and decided to go direct to Stanley's room.

Now while he knew perfectly well that he was standing in front of Reunion, he was not quite so clear as to the exact location of "North Middle Reunion." So he inquired of a tall and rather lanky young man who was going in the building, asking to be directed to North Middle Reunion.

The young man answered by asking what number Mr. Drayton wanted, and on being informed remarked that he roomed just above, and would be pleased to show him the place.

"These stairs aren't much to boast of," said the young man, apologetically, as he led Drayton up their marvelous windings. "HELLO! DRAYTON"—this last in a stentorian tone. "That's the way we call each other, you know." Receiving no answer he pounded on the door and then tried the handle. The door was locked.

"Come up and wait in my room till he comes. There's no use in going down stairs and up again. We'll be right over his head and we can hear him come in."

The Tall Young Man vaulted lightly up the stairs and flung open the door of his room for Drayton to enter. There was a square table in the middle littered over with books and papers, a pipe or two and a mandolin; pictures of more or less merit were hung about the walls, and a few books were scattered over the shelves of an oak book-case in which "Three Men in a Boat" reposed trustfully side by side with Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe."

"You see, we're rather rough and tumble here," said the Tall Young Man, "but then it's a pretty good sort of a location. You look right out over the campus and know whatever's going on. You probably noticed that there was a general stamping-ground down there in front of Reunion. You're just near enough Dickinson, you know, to have plenty of time to get to recitations. But perhaps you're not familiar with the place?"

"Oh, yes; yes, I am." This with an inward misgiving, as Drayton had never seen Dickinson Hall in his life. "You know Stanley Drayton; I suppose?"

"Why, yes;" laughed the young host, "I do know him fairly well. He's in the class below me. I used to see him in Hall a good deal, and got to know him pretty well before he came to room in Reunion. You say you didn't know that the men in different classes saw very much of each other now? Dear me, yes. You know we don't wait for introductions here. Somehow or other we get acquainted with the fellows just as we do with the buildings, without knowing when or how. We get thrown in together in Freshman year, and we have a keen scent for a classmate *then*, you may be sure. You don't know how that is until you've been through it. You see a Freshman isn't regarded as quite a full-fledged college man; he can't make too much noise on the campus, or pull an upper-classman's leg—I beg your pardon, he can't play a joke on an upper-classman, and he can't wear any orange and black. But that sort of thing doesn't last long. It's because you *can* do just as you please and wear what you please and live as you please, that we think Princeton is such a jolly fine place to live in. If you want to wear corduroys and a sweater you can wear them, and you will find half the college dressed the same way. If you prefer to wear good clothes all the time you can do it without exciting comment.

"Greek Letter Societies? Well, I should think not. It's the sentiment of the students that keeps them out more than the pledge that they make you sign when you matriculate. You see, the way we are here, it's rather hard to form cliques; we don't even have sets with hard and fast lines. I remember a

man asking me whether I belonged to the 'Literary Set' or the 'Athletic Set.' Well, all that sort of thing sounds ridiculous here. There isn't any 'Literary Set' or 'Athletic Set.' You probably know the way people have of dividing college men into classes; it's a regular stock literary trick. First, they say, there's the grind, or dig—only we call them pollers—then the athlete, the sport, etc. I don't know how it is in other colleges, but that's all bosh here. There may be thirty or forty men in each class whom you can put squarely into a division like that, but that's all.

"You suppose we're rather conservative still? Why, yes, in one way. We move slowly—great bodies do, you know. We don't carry the elective system quite so far as some colleges, but it's pretty much all elective after you get to Junior year. Then there's compulsory chapel—you'd probably call that conservative. I suppose they'll change it some day."

The chapel question had never struck Drayton in quite that light before, but he decided to think it over before adopting the student's view. But he had begun to feel singularly intimate with his random friend. He had red hair that fell over his temples; he was freckled, and wore glasses perched on his nose in such a way as to give him an aggressive look. He could not by any straining of language have been called handsome, but he had a frank and good-natured air that lit up his features and gave his face a peculiar charm. Drayton asked him a few questions that unloosed his tongue; he rattled away, checking himself occasionally as if surprised at his unasked-for volubility. Drayton, if the truth must be told, was not a little reassured, that in spite of its improvements and new dormitories and new ideas, the college had not changed so very much since his time.

"I'm afraid I've been boring you," said the young man, "you let me do all the talking. Drayton has probably stopped somewhere on his way in. How would you like to take a little stroll about the campus while we wait. Leave your valise here. Why, I assure you, you aren't putting me to any trouble. I had nothing to do. Our exams. are all over. Are you a Princeton man?"

Drayton was feeling as if he had known the young man a long time and that that the latter was entitled to question him without ceremony. This pointblank question seemed perfectly natural, only he wondered why it had not come before.

"Yes," he answered, "'59. That was the time when political excitement ran high. Hall feeling was stronger than it is now, from all I can learn. I remember we had to sit up with guns all night to watch our Junior Orator. It was Hutchings, and he afterwards became Surrogate of New York. Suppose we walk out towards the new halls. Are you Whig or Clio?"

"Whig."

"I was Clio, and we drew the lines sharply in those days. It was Dr. McLean—Old John, we used to call him—that stopped the Greek Letter Societies. I fancy you don't know what a strict faculty is. We couldn't take liberties in those days. We used to get up mock programmes, and all sorts of queer costumes—something like your Washington Birthday exercises, I suppose. Well, one of us once dressed up as the devil and distributed the mock programmes—"rakes" we called them. Old John worked himself into a fever heat and if he had caught the man his stay wouldn't have been long. But I don't believe there was ever a college president that was better loved than Old John."

Drayton approached the cannon almost reverently. "You know it was our class that finally put the cannon where it stands now."

"Do you make as much of it as ever?" he asked, after a pause.

"Why, you know the cannon is our patron saint," cried his new friend—"that and the Tiger—although the Tiger isn't as substantial as the cannon. It used to be the custom for the Freshmen to try to build a fire around the cannon at the beginning of the term, but they've stopped all that now. But we come here to celebrate a foot-ball victory; old cannon's growing rusty there, but we'll polish her up again next Thanksgiving. The underclassmen used to have their rush here, and whoever got the cannon and kept it, won; but you know the fellows have

stopped the rush. Then the class-day exercises are held here, and the Seniors smoke their last pipe—a yard of clay, and then every fellow walks up and smashes his pipe on the cannon. Oh, yes; the Cannon's a great institution.

"No one seems to be playing foot-ball? That's because this isn't the season. If it were in the fall you wouldn't see much else. We go down to the 'Varsity practice every day—the whole college, except a few dyspeptics. Everybody plays himself; if he doesn't do anything more he gets one or two other fellows and they kick the ball back and forth—count points, too. Oh, that's quite a game. Then every other eating club gets up a team and plays a match every Saturday."

"Who is singing?" asked Drayton, as the burden of a song from a hundred throats came across the campus.

"That? Why those are the Seniors. They sit on the steps of Old North every warm evening and sing. Suppose we go and hear them."

They walked around to the front campus, where the Seniors grouped about the steps of Nassau Hall, and, rendered perhaps a trifle pensive by their approaching separation, were singing their last songs. The other classes were scattered about the campus in front of them, some sitting in careless groups, lazily smoking, some alone or walking about, and some standing in little knots engaged in subdued conversation. The old elms shaded them, curiously contrasting their venerable antiquity with the youthful faces beneath—and Old North, loving mother that she was, reared her ivy-covered walls, battered with the storms of four generations of men, against the classic sky. The old graduate and the young Senior stood side by side and neither spoke.

Without warning, a great, hearty voice suddenly broke upon them from behind. "Why, father—"

The Tall Young Man saw Drayton start and turn—he saw Stanley's beaming face—"Whew," he murmured to himself—"I never knew it was the governor—I have a suspicion that I'd be *de trop*," and hurriedly making his excuses, he sprang away and joined the men on the steps.

M'Cready Sykes.

OCEAN.

WHY wast thou built, or who doth know thy length,
Thy breadth, thy shores, thy ev'ry part and strength;
Why was it from the first ordained to be—
That thou shouldst sing thy ceaseless song—oh, Sea!

Hath God in His great wisdom put thee here
To teach men His infinitude to fear;
Thou wast not made by chance—how couldst thou be—
To rock and roll, to roll and rock—oh, Sea!

In all thy tireless movement thou art bound
By the horizon, limitless as round,
Kissed by its edge forever shalt thou be;
Sink down and be at rest—oh, noisy Sea!

Hath God said to thee: "Ocean, never sleep,
But rock, and roll, and surge, and toss, thou deep!"
Yet in the end—I know that it shall be—
Thy God shall make thee sleep—oh, boundless Sea!

Wast thou then made, a heaven to uphold
That lends thee blue, and by its Queen controlled:
Who like thy God—was, yet is, and shall be—
Thou cleanseth all, yet are not cleansed—oh, Sea!

Or, wast thou made to be the Day King's bride,
To follow him in all thy beauteous tide;
He lays his head upon thy breast, to be
His pillow through the peaceful night, oh, Sea!

The lovely moon, great Queen, is she thy child?
The stars are pillowed on thy breast when mild,
Mother of all the heavens canst thou be—
Tell me, I long to know—oh, mighty Sea!

Dost thou, to cause thy lovely brood to sleep,
Forever at thy ceaseless rocking keep?
The silent stars sink down and rest with thee,
Their mother, rocking all her brood—oh, Sea!

God says: "Well done, old servant, to the end,
Thy Lord's great joy I freely to thee send,
Sorrow and tears forever from thee flee—"
And then thou art at rest—oh, faithful Sea!

—James Fentress, Jr.

GRIGGSBY'S SISTER.

"ULTIMATELY," wrote Thorton, "all contiguous association falls under —" His pencil stopped irresolutely. Thorton looked up among the great rafters of Examination Hall as if in one of their dusty crannies he might find the information he sought.

What *did* contiguous association fall under? He scratched his head perplexedly. Griggsby had read that lecture to him last night, he was sure. He could almost hear Griggsby's clear, boyish voice: "All contiguous association falls under"—ah, he remembered now—it was the category of sequence. Thorton's pencil started again, and traveled on busily for five minutes more. Finally, with a triumphant flourish and an emphatic dotting of "i's" and crossing of "t's," Thorton laid it down and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. It was the last June exam., and he was through. All over the great room fellows with their coats off were writing, or gazing hard into space as they grasped longingly after some elusive bit of knowledge, so snugly packed away in the storehouse of memory that it could be jostled forth with no ordinary cudgeling of academic brains.

Thorton saw Griggsby sitting at a table in a far corner. His boyish face was intense in its earnestness. He hardly ever paused in writing. Once he looked over at Thorton and smiled brightly, and once again he went to the desk for more blanks. He was the first man to do so, and the fellows all stamped loudly at this evidence of mental progression. "Of course, Griggsby will finish away up," Thorton thought. "He's polled like a dog." A graver expression came over his handsome face as he thought of his own misspent opportunities. He took his paper to the desk, and went slowly downstairs.

"How'd you hit it, Jack?" cried a jolly voice. Thorton looked up and saw Lyman standing on the steps outside. "Oh, I got through, I guess, thanks to Griggsby. He read the lectures over to me last night." "Wish I had a Griggsby about examination

time," said Lyman, as he threw his arm over Thorton's shoulder, and the two strolled across the shady campus lawn. "Pollers ain't much good any other time, are they, Jack?" he continued. Thorton's response was not as emphatic as it might have been. He had roomed with Griggsby for two years and liked him, even if he was a poller.

His conscience troubled him as he thought of the sad, grieved look that came over Griggsby's expressive face when he told him that next year he was going to room down in Brown with Lyman. But then he argued to himself, why should he room with Griggsby? Although everybody liked Griggsby, still he was a poller and he (Thorton) was—not. They didn't go with the same crowd of fellows and altogether he thought it was about the best thing he could do. And still, at times he could not help wondering whether he would be as happy with Lyman and the rest of that jolly crowd as he had been the last two years with Griggsby. He remembered the night of the rush, where he first saw Griggsby. How in the midst of one of those wild charges around the cannon he heard a cry of pain, and pushing aside with his strong shoulders the men around, he had lifted from the ground a limp, slender form and carried it to his room. And there, for the first time, the blue eyes of Griggsby opened upon him. Ah, it was those blue eyes that had first attracted him. There was a look in them that reminded him of the mother he idolized and whom he had longed for in a homesick way. And it had seemed something like home to come in and find Griggsby there, and see those blue eyes looking up confidently to him.

As for Griggsby, when Thorton told him one evening, in a brief and somewhat gruff manner, that he was going to room with Lyman next year, he was completely "broken up," as he expressed it when writing home. He was a frail, gentle little fellow. He had never been away from home in his life before he had tearfully kissed his mother and sister good-bye, and with quaking heart started for the big college where he was to win honor for himself and them.

To him the strong, independent Thorton was the ideal of perfect manhood, and his letters home were filled with glowing accounts of what Thorton did and what Thorton said.

Griggsby's sister was coming down to see the ball game and attend the other celebrations attendant on commencement time.

Griggsby told Thorton this piece of news with a happier face than he had worn since the distressing intelligence Thorton was going to leave him.

The day after Thorton's last exam. she came. Thorton went up to the room in the afternoon. He had just come in from a walk with Lyman. They had been laying plans for next year. He wondered if it wasn't about time for Griggsby's sister to arrive. He had seen her picture and he wondered if the original had been flattered here. He was whistling absentmindedly as he turned his key in the latch. He opened the door—and the next moment he stood in the presence of an angel, at least that is what he called her afterwards. He pulled his cap off awkwardly, and looked around for Griggsby to explain things. Griggsby wasn't to be seen. Thorton was about to mumble something apologetically and withdraw, when she came forward and holding out her hand said, sweetly, "You are Mr. Thorton, I am sure, and I am your room-mate's sister. He has just gone out to find you. I have heard so much about you from him that I hope you will forgive my not regarding you as quite a stranger." Thorton grasped the hand extended to him, and managed to say something about "his being able to forgive anything but that." She introduced him to her mother, a sweet, white-haired old lady, who smiled upon him gratefully and said, "Yes, Mr. Thorton, my son has told me how you helped him out of that terrible rush, and how kind you have been to him, and I have longed to see you and thank you myself, for in being kind to him you have been kind to his mother." Thorton fairly blushed. "I always liked him from the first," he said earnestly, as if he wished to convince himself as well as them. He thought remorsefully of his intention to leave Griggsby, and hoped he wouldn't tell them while they were here. Griggsby soon came in and was delighted to find them already friends.

Thorton had determined to go home after the ball game. Lyman was getting up a crowd to go the same route, and they were going to have a jolly time. For some reason or other Thorton changed his mind and resolved to stay to commencement, much to Lyman's disgust.

Of that delightful commencement week Thorton has dreamed many an evening since over his briar-wood. He took Griggsby's sister to the game—in fact, he took her to everything, and really she didn't seem to object to his monopoly. The afternoon when it was all over and they were going home he took her for a walk down that beautiful old avenue of elms, whose slim, graceful branches arch in a beautiful confusion of verdure overhead.

"How I shall miss you this summer," he said.

"Shall you?" she answered. "I shall miss you, too. You have given me such a delightful time that I feel almost as grateful to you as to Griggsby."

"Oh, I don't *want* any gratitude," he exclaimed irritably.

"Don't you," she answered, raising her eyebrows in pretty surprise. "What do you want?"

"Oh, I know," she said, interrupting him as he was about to speak. "I will make you a sofa-pillow. Will that satisfy you?"

A look of unutterable scorn passed over Thorton's face.

"You shouldn't look so cross when I offer to make you something. It isn't complimentary. It's just the same as saying I can't make sofa pillows; and," she continued, innocently, "I have made some very nice ones; at least, so they said. No," she said, shaking her head, "you shouldn't be so rude. It hurts my feelings. I shall begin to think Griggsby's glowing accounts of you were flights of imagination."

"Of course, you are welcome to form any opinion of me you choose. I can't help myself," he answered.

"But I didn't say I had formed any opinion. I shall have to wait till I know you better."

"I'm afraid you never will," he said. "You are not likely to come up here very often."

"But you will come down to visit us with Griggsby next fall, will you not?" she said persuasively.

Thorton was silent, mentally calling himself an ass. This would have been his chance. But now he had lost it by leaving Griggsby. Was it too late now. Perhaps Griggsby would take him back now. He would see him that night.

"You will come, won't you?" she repeated, "and then we can decide about the sofa pillow."

"I will try hard to," he answered.

Griggsby was packing up when his room-mate came in. He eyed Thorton sorrowfully.

"Well, old man," he said, "this is our last night together. I wanted to tell you that if you wished to leave any of your traps here till next fall you will be welcome."

"Oh, hang it all, Griggsby, do want me to leave you?"

Griggsby looked up astonished.

"Why, no, Jack," he said, "I thought you wanted to go."

"Well, I don't, Griggsby. I want to room with you next year if you'll have me."

The smile that lit up Griggsby's face was answer enough. Next fall Lyman roomed alone. Thorton went home with Griggsby at Thanksgiving.

C. Waldo Cherry.

THEIR ANNIVERSARY.

THE landlord was a friend of my father's; that is how I happened to go to the quaint little hotel. It was on one of those side streets which still keep their odor of cypress trees and old-fashioned gardens, but are now almost forgotten by modern Savannah. I had been there two days when they arrived. An old-fashioned carriage of the kind in use before the war, stopped in front of the hotel. The negro coachman climbed laboriously down from his box and opened the door. A portly old gentleman stepped out and gave his hand to a little lady, who alighted and took his arm. They came up the walk looking curiously about them, stopping once to gaze at the great cypress tree that guarded the gate, and once more as they reached the house, when they

peered through the hall doorway as if expecting some one. The old gentleman carefully helped his wife up the low stone steps, and an expression of genuine delight stole over their faces when the landlord came out and welcomed them as old friends. He conducted them within, and I saw no more of them until they had dined. Later, they came out on the wide veranda and walked up and down, affording me an opportunity to examine them more closely.

The husband was a stout, fine-looking gentleman, with long white hair, which came almost down to his shoulders. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, ruffled shirt and silk waistcoat. His face had a mild, gentle expression, and became very attractive when he spoke to his wife, of whom he took the greatest care—and she was a spry little lady, who took two steps to one of his, dressed in black and wore a big cashmere shawl and little black bonnet. But her face—a whole lifetime of love shone there, and each wrinkle was as necessary to it as the seams and marks in my grandfather's old violin—each seam an added sweetness, each mark a virtue.

They were very interesting, this old couple, who seemed to reflect each other's very thoughts, so long had they lived together.

"It has changed here in a year," I heard the husband say. "There is that great tree gone that always stood at the gate. Do you remember, they were only half as high when we first—" Here the old lady looked up at him, and they both smiled and continued their walk.

I had become quite interested in this old couple and hunted up the landlord to find out more about them.

He told me that they came to the hotel every year, just at this time, and always stayed three days, but once when it rained they stayed four. The landlord had kept the hotel for twenty years, and may be they had been coming before that—he did not know.

The following day the pair remained at the hotel without going out at all.

I tried to talk to the old gentleman, but he seemed actually timid, and after saying a word or two he murmured something

about his wife and disappeared around the corner of the house.

Next morning and afternoon they spent on the veranda quietly talking. Often I saw their eyes meet, then they would smile and become silent. Once when I happened to walk by them I heard the old lady say, in reply to a remark of her husband, "We could not have a better day."

At dinner they both seemed nervous and expectant. They hardly said a word during the whole meal. When the waiter brought the dessert, I saw the old gentleman whisper something to him, and soon he brought a glass of brandy. The old man looked enquiringly around, but seeing me busily engaged, he rose, and with a grand bow, which included his whole person, said (almost in a whisper), "Your health, Madam!" and drained his glass like a true Georgian planter. Then the couple left the dining-room without a word.

Soon their carriage was driven up, they got in and started off at a pace which one could easily follow. I went out after them. The absurd old carriage went up one street and down another, till I began to think that it had no destination, and that they were only out for an evening drive. I was wrong, however, for after a while the carriage stopped, the couple stepped out, and walked away quite rapidly, for them. I followed at a distance and soon saw them turn into Bonaventure Cemetery, the pride of old Savannah. They turned up a path and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Ah! those trees of Bonaventure Cemetery; who can forget them, with their long ribbons of gray moss that swing back and forth so solemnly in the breeze.

I walked noiselessly, and soon saw the couple sitting on an iron seat. They were seated facing each other—one at each end of the bench. Now the old gentleman slowly moved toward his wife and took her hand in his. She looked at the ground and drew her hand away. They were both weeping.

"Lily," I heard the husband say. "Miss Maynard, I must tell you that ——." Here he stopped and looked at her, but she turned away her head. Suddenly the old man sank down on his knees on the ground before her and took both her hands in his own. He looked into her face. She withdrew her hands

from his and put both arms about his neck. "Oh, Henry!" she said, and now they were sobbing in each other's arms. I went back to the hotel with a full heart.

This, then, was their purpose in coming to this place for so many years. How they honoured that sacred day, when here they had spoken these very words so long ago.

Next morning the old couple drove off in their heirloom of a coach.

I happened to be in Savannah just a year later, and went to the hotel again. The old man only was there. He was very feeble. In the evening I saw him start for Bonaventure cemetery. He was keeping his anniversary day alone.

Irving D. Kip.

BESIDE THE FIRE.

THY face is with me here to-night,
As it hath often been before—
The red fire casts its fickle light
Across the floor.

And as the shadows come and go
Thine eyes look at me through the haze—
Oh, darling, they did once look so
In happier days.

In happier days—ah, me—when age
Nor grey-beard wisdom came between—
What matter though my heart may rage
With anguish keen?

With anguish keen?—it cannot feel—
So numb my heart hath grown of late—
The sharp, swift thrust, the chilling steel
Of scorn or hate.

Yet once—but that is dead and gone,
And left no trace adown the years—
The love, the grief, that could have drawn
Hot, gasping tears.

What is my wasted life to thee,
So cold, so stern—and yet so fair?
The all that thou hast thrown to me
Is grim despair.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A REVERIE OF AGE.

UPON a hillside stands a mansion fair,
Amid the clustering locust trees;
That sway with every movement of the air,
And tempt with blossoms, murmuring bees.

Within the door an oaken stairway climbs,
And towers o'er the hall below,
And as I sit and dream of far off times,
I hear the steps of long ago.

The gently tripping steps of maiden feet,
The music of a rustling dress,
And now and then a face so fair and sweet,
I wonder at its loveliness.

And now I hear the hurrying, pattering tread,
Of little feet, that ever run,
Now full of boisterous joy, now childish dread,
From early morn, till evening's done.

Now age with hesitating step and slow,
Toils up the stair so high and steep,
In hope, that soon—how soon it does not know,
To rest its weary head, and sleep.

The day was dying, and the evening bell,
Gave men from labour, glad release,
The dream was over, and the old man fell,
At last asleep, asleep in peace.

Samuel Dickey.

ANDALUSIA.

Over the belfry of Old North the clear rays of the moon
came stealing and gliding down through the leaves and branches
of the grave old elms, bathed the green grass and the recumbent
forms of the undergraduates with the mild soft light of fairy

land. It was directly after "Senior singing," and the mandolin club, arranging themselves on the well-worn steps, were giving their instruments a few conciliatory pats and caresses preparatory to the painful and arduous operation of tuning up.

Lying half within the shadow of the immortal pile that has witnessed the coming and going of so many generations of students, and half within the shining circle of moonlight, was a group of four fellows. Arranged in camp fashion, which afforded the greatest amount of comfort with the least possible inconvenience, and sending up puff after puff of blue smoke from their briar-woods to fashion themselves into wierd shapes, now in the light, now in the shadow, they calmly awaited the mystic chimes of the mandolins.

"Ping, pingety, ping—ting, tingety, ting—bling, blingety, bling," chirped the mandolins in a hurry to get in tune.

"Rhum, rhum—tum, tum—bum, bum," growled out the guitars, struggling for unity.

"Wish they'd get a move on and blaze away," said Jack Wentworth, the athlete of the group.

"Don't be in a rush, Jack; all good things come in time," responded James Daly, who frequently answered to the name of "Poller" Jimmy.

Then the third fellow of the group raised himself on his elbow long enough to give the fourth member a poke in the ribs and remark, "Say, Sleepy Sam, give me a match."

"Look out there who your hitting, Sporting Life. Here's my pipe; hope that will suit." The third member of the group, by name Harold Hollister and by nickname Sporting Life, took the proffered pipe and obtaining a light, resumed his comfortable position just as the mandolin club—now a united family—struck off with a whirl into the mazes of "Andalusia."

The throng of listeners, moved by a single impulse, settled down into complete repose, starting from it only to applaud the the successful terminations of the different pieces.

Jack Wentworth's thoughts quietly stole away from the realms of Old Nassau, with their fun and frolic and "Exams," and rapidly gliding past the winter sports and the foot-ball field

came to rest down at Seacliff, where the wild sea waves with never-ending patience—now wrathfully, now calmly—attack the steep, jagged cliffs that guard the mainland.

Late in the evening at the "Oceanic," the heated whirls of the mazy dance have stirred every pulse. Jack Wentworth is walking along the veranda arm-in-arm with—well we needn't know, but Jack whispers the sweet cadences of her name beneath his breath, lest his comrades may hear. Just as the orchestra strikes up the beautiful strains of "Andalusia" they seat themselves in a corner of the piazza, where the awning, falling in peaceful folds, veils them, yet affords a view of the starlit ocean below.

'Twas the same old story—sometimes sweet, sometimes sad—but Jack pats his breast-pocket as he thinks of the letter within, containing the answer that she would not give that evening. "I always was a lucky fellow," he murmured to himself.

Poller Jimmy was troubled by the fast approaching "Exams," and the knowledge that somehow study did not come so easily now since—since—but Jimmy wouldn't say when, though he knew full well. Raising himself to stretch his cramped limbs just as the last chords of "Andalusia" were dying away, he caught a glance of a fair, girlish face, lit up by the moon's rays. Its carriage, the folds of dark hair falling across the brow, the finely penciled features—all brought back to him memories that he had vainly trusted were buried forever.

With a ring and a swing the mandolins started off with the overture of "Robin Hood."

"Oh, why do they play that," groaned Poller Jimmy; "that of all pieces!"

Jimmy remembered, far too well, a certain afternoon, not many months ago, when he had set off in high spirits for New York City.

He had heard that a certain young lady, living in his town, and whose very pleasing person had occupied many of Jimmy's thoughts ever since they were children together, was visiting in the Metropolis, and he spent most of the time in the train reading and rereading a little note that he had received, stating that

Miss Dorothy Vorhees would be greatly pleased to accept Mr. James Daly's kind invitation to "Robin Hood."

Jimmy will remember to the last day of his life that ride to the theatre in the evening—the perfume of the great bunch of hot-house roses at her corsage—the throng—the lights—the music—the play—all combined to turn poor Jimmy's head. His half-formed dreams approached reality; fanned by excitement, his fancies of the future burst into passionate desires. He was in love.

And on the drive back to her home he asked her something—he pleaded a certain cause, but her response was:

"Oh, Mr. Daly, I am so sorry; didn't you hear? No? oh I can't tell you now; please wait until to-morrow."

When Poller Jimmy let himself into his room at college the next morning, he found on the floor a letter containing the announcement of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Vorhees to Mr. Daniel Spahr.

"I always was an unlucky fellow," Jimmy murmured, as the mandolin club tuned their instruments before venturing into the ins and outs of a merry Spanish serenade.

Music didn't appeal particularly to the soul of Sporting Life Hollister. In his devil-may-care existence he had met but few tunes that had lingered with him in anything like their pristine melody, but he did remember that there was something connected with that serenade which wasn't exactly pleasureable, but what it was, he for his life couldn't think.

Suddenly—it might have been because a certain chord of the serenade set in vibration a chord, or more likely a discord, lingering in some obscure part of his mind—he remembered all, but he wished he hadn't.

Yes, he recalled that little incident far too well. It would be a long time before he forgot after a certain game—the memory of which, by the way, wasn't exactly pleasureable either—that he had paid a man wearing a red rosette a cool one hundred dollars and the impolite fellow turning, had walked away whistling snatches of this tune.

Sporting Life regretted the misspent opportunity of that hundred dollars—for where in the deuce was he to get another.

"Watch in hock, several pants, too; well, I guess I won't think about that any more," he said, rising to his feet just as the last strains of the last piece were quivering in the air.

And what was Sleepy Sam thinking of all this time?

One by one the group arose, with the exception of Sleepy Sam. Jack Wentworth leaning over him for a moment, gave him a kick and said, "Well, I'll be shot, fellows, if he isn't asleep!"

"Ugh! Look out there, wazzer mazzer? concert all over? Great Fishhooks! if I wasn't asleep.

J. McGill White.

A JUNE LETTER.

WITH A BUNCH OF WILD ROSES.

I send thee rose-buds, breathing sweet,
June roses, almost blown.
The maiden flush upon their cheeks
To a softer blush has grown.

Now, by their own sweet, wondrous might
The dewy leaves unfold,
Showing 'mid petals, dainty pink,
A daintier heart of gold.

Here sips the enchanted bee, his store
Of odorous honey wine.
Thou dost not treasure up thy sweets,
Fair, generous Eglantine!

So may thy gently-budding years,
Beloved, thus unfold,
Within, a wealth of sunny warmth
Reveal a heart of gold.

A heart, a very treasure house
Of fragrance and delights,
Whither my charmed soul may wing
Its never-ending flights.

W. M. Urban.

"A BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON."

The band, which had been brought out from Muscogee for the occasion, was playing, and the music floated out through the open windows and across the spacious lawn, and then lost itself on the boundless prairie beyond. The long, low ranch-house, with its wide verandas and spacious dining-room, was a blaze of light. Occasionally, the cowboys outside caught glimpses of many moving figures within, and the ponies hitched to the rail at the side heard, with wonder, the murmur of soft, feminine chatter and laughter.

It was a great day for the Two Z's Ranch, as the cowboys called it, or as its mistress loved to say in the melodious Spanish which she had brought with her from Mexico, "*Ranchito del Fuerte*, The Little Ranch of the Strongs." Two years before this the country round had been electrified by the news that the Two Z's had been sold, and to a Mexican—"a blasted Greaser, with silver buttons all over him, I reckon," as Big Bill, the foreman, said. James Strong was a Mexican, sure enough, but not one of the kind to whom Big Bill was accustomed. On his ranch, in Mexico, he had been as happy as a king, but when his wife, who had been his light and life, had succumbed to the fever and left him alone with their sixteen-year-old daughter, the lovely place grew distasteful to him and, with a sad farewell to the grave under the roses, he had turned his face towards the Indian Territory, and sought new scenes and new associations. He had made many friends among his neighbors and was equally beloved by every one of his hands, with whom he had such a gentle, kindly way of dealing, that he easily won their hearts. His ventures had been very prosperous too, and as the months went by he grew happier and happier. To-night, as he watched the merrymaking, he thought of the gay times in Old Mexico, without the sudden pain that hitherto had always come with such thoughts.

It was a gala occasion of his daughter's arrangement. Tired of

the regular and sometimes wearisome round of ranch life, having coaxed her father till she obtained his consent to her plans, she had sent out invitations far and wide to all of the ranches in the neighborhood, and to the town forty miles away, for a grand ball on her nineteenth birthday. The worry she had been through for fear things might not go right or her guests might not come, was enough to have worn her to a shadow, but the evening had at last come and with it guests from every direction, and now as she stood at the head of the improvised ball-room she felt supremely happy and content.

A young man who came into the room at that moment, as his eyes caught the group opposite him, said to himself that he had never in his life seen Nita Strong look so beautiful. She was all in white, her only ornament a bow of orange ribbon at her throat and another nestling coquettishly in her dark hair. Her brown eyes flashed merrily, and her face lighted as she turned to greet him. He was the son of a neighboring ranchman, and had just come home from an Eastern college on his vacation. With a laughing salutation Nita pounced upon him and bore him off to "see things," as she said, while the other young men looked on, and muttered something about Bertie Jasper being a "lucky dog anyhow."

So Bertie himself thought, as he listened to Nita's chatter, watched her animated face, and the soft glow of enjoyment in her brown eyes. Her duties as hostess prevented her staying long with him. He was content to stand still and watch her flitting here and there among her guests. With a strange thrill he noticed that she wore a bow of orange ribbon at her throat. Once before, an evening in his Christmas vacation, she had worn it, and he had asked her for it, not so much, he knew, because it was his college color, as that *she* had worn it. His eyes had revealed this to her, and with a quick blush she had refused him and turned away. He remembered how hurt he had felt, and how he had gone away in a few days without even bidding her good-bye.

The music of the band disturbed his dreams and he went to seek his partner for the dance. No trace of weariness came over

the faces of those young people as in their vigorous Western fashion they danced the hours away. The supper, with its great birthday cake, which Nita had cut and portioned out with her own hands, had been finished. The interest of even the strongest dancers was beginning to flag; Bert Jasper leaned over Nita's chair and whispered something to her.

She smiled up at him and rose, and together they stepped out on the long veranda which ran almost around the house. The effect on the company was instantaneous, and soon the porches and long board-walk leading to the old-fashioned well in the yard were dotted with slowly moving couples.

The August moon was shining brightly, and from the prairie the soft night-wind crept up laden with all sorts of strange whisperings and bringing with it the faint perfume of the dew upon the grass. Once the faint howl of a coyote was borne on the still evening air.

A pony at the hitching-rail shook himself drowsily, and the iron stirrup of his saddle clinked musically against that of his neighbor. Half hidden in the deep shadows of the veranda Bert Jasper and Nita paced slowly up and down.

He was talking to her earnestly, and as she listened she smiled softly, and looked up at him.

The silvery moon, peeping in at an opening among the honey-suckles, saw a little brown hand go up to a white throat. There was a soft laugh, and—when Bert Jasper with the rest of her guests bid Nita good-night, a bow of orange ribbon was in his buttonhole.

Seldon L. Haynes.

THE UNLUCKY MR. STETSON.

Mr. Oliver Stetson belonged to that melancholy, misanthropic class of individuals who go through life firmly possessed of the belief that they are unlucky. Nothing could turn him from his conviction that the Fates looked upon him with disfavor, and that in the sky of destiny his unlucky star was constantly in the

ascendant. He had even acquired a species of meekness from the continued experience of misfortune, and one could hardly help wondering at the almost complacent manner in which he accepted the flings of fortune. "My luck again," he would say, his dark, melancholy eyes full of sad resignation.

It must have been this sad, uncomplaining acquiescence to misfortune, which was the dominating trait of Mr. Stetson's character, that first attracted the beautiful Miss Martha Van Twiller; certainly there is no other reason that a close student of human nature can assign for her preference. For Mr. Oliver Stetson was quite an ordinary young fellow. He did not shine as a conversationalist. He did not have that vague, indescribable fascination about him that takes feminine hearts by storm, and last, but by no means least, he was only passably good looking. His eyes, large, dark and pathetic, were the redeeming feature in a face long and rather thin.

Quite the opposite of Mr. Stetson was Miss Martha Van Twiller. If he was the personification of ill fortune—sad, silent, gloomy—she, with equal propriety, might have taken the part of the fair, sweet goddess, whom all men worship and love to have by their side. Joy and mirth sat enthroned upon the fair, white brow of Miss Van Twiller, and peeped demurely from out her bright eyes, and played hide and seek among the ripples of her sunny hair. All men worshiped Miss Van Twiller, at least all the men she knew, and there were some very nice ones among them, too. A successful young lawyer of Sunbury, brilliant and witty, only awaited her faintest encouragement, to lay his name and fortune at her feet. The new minister, eloquent and refined, thought that in her he would find an ideal pastor's wife. Besides these a score of other devotees burnt incense at her shrine. Strange, ah, how strange and inscrutable are the whims of fate and of—women. The melancholy pathos which sat in the dark eyes of Mr. Oliver Stetson, was the first influence that caused a flutter in the maiden breast of Miss Van Twiller.

If Miss Van Twiller had been looking for her affinity or her spirit-love or anything of that sort she certainly would never

have chosen Mr. Oliver Stetson. But, Miss Van Twiller knew nothing about affinities, and for this reason truth compels us to admit, even at the expense of weakening our depiction of Mr. Stetson's character, that an element of good luck entered his melancholy career, but then, this was entirely overbalanced and rendered null by the accident which first made him acquainted with the lovely Miss Van Twiller.

Mr. Stetson, Sr., a prosperous farmer of Sunbury, was possessed of an exceedingly buoyant and frisky young sorrel, which, at the period when our story opens, had passed the sunny days of colthood and arrived at years of discretion, without ever having experienced the humiliating curb of bit or bridle. What put it into the head of Mr. Oliver Stetson to harness him to the buck-wagon and endeavor to drive him down the road to Sunbury, no sensible man can fathom. Mr. Stetson affirmed afterward that it was fate. Perhaps it was. At any rate, one beautiful day in June, when the roads were good and the birds and bees were filling the air with melody, Mr. Oliver Stetson drove the sorrel colt down the lane, out through the gate and disappeared amid a great clatter and cloud of dust, down the peaceful road to Sunbury; of the vain, frivolous conduct of the sorrel colt it is not necessary to speak. How he vainly and indiscriminately endeavored to climb telegraph poles and rail fences, how he danced about lightly on his hind legs and pawed the air vigorously with his fore feet when the soft June breeze wafted a stray newspaper across the road, are all details which the dignity of Mr. Stetson and the solemnity of this narrative prevent us from describing.

Sufficient is it to say that, being firmly convinced that a respectable linen duster which hung on Dame Wilton's clothes-line, was a fiery-eyed dragon with six double joints in his tail, the sorrel colt, with a wild snort of terror dashed down the road, in frantic endeavor to leave the frightful monster far behind. Turning a corner very sharply, with utter disregard for the vehicle behind him, he dashed the buck wagon into fragments against the fence, and landed Mr. Oliver Stetson prone in a bed of astonished black-eyed Susans, in Mrs. Van Twiller's

garden. Mr. Oliver Stetson lay white and still in the midst of the flower-bed. The Van Twiller mansion was wrapped in its afternoon siesta. The sun shone brightly on the long row of milking-pans, laid in the grass to dry. The drowsy hum of bees came from among the morning-glory vines. Presently the screen-door slammed, and Miss Van Twiller, fresh and radiant from her afternoon bath, stepped out upon the porch. "Dear, how hot it was! The flowers looked withered, poor things; she would go out to see her pansy bed," and tripping daintily over the intervening beds of lady-slippers and verbenas she came to the black-eyed Susans.

Miss Van Twiller would not have been a woman had she not given a little scream and jump backwards. Her first impression was that she had discovered a tramp. But then, that was a queer place for him to be reposing, right in the glaring sun, and in a flower-bed. On close inspection, she decided that he wasn't a tramp. His clothes were too good, and his face was clean. And then she saw the shattered fence, and remnants of the buck-wagon against it. She understood it all at a glance, and a terrible thought crossed her mind. Was he dead? She knelt down and placed her hand over her heart. Yes, it was still beating.

Miss Van Twiller was a practical girl, and one of action. She ran to the house and brought out—an umbrella and a pitcher of water. "It's a wonder he hasn't been sun-struck, poor fellow," she said pityingly, as she propped the umbrella over his head, so as to shield him from the sun, and proceeded to bathe his face with the cool spring water. Whether it was from the effect of the water or Miss Van Twiller, or both combined, Mr. Oliver Stetson opened his eyes at last. He endeavored to raise himself on his arm. An expression of agony passed over his face, and he sank back heavily upon the ground. "Oh, dear," said Miss Van Twiller sympathizingly, "are you hurt much?" Mr. Stetson groaned and answered, "I guess my arm got broken someway, coming over that fence; but don't mind me," he continued, sadly, "it's just my luck again," and as he uttered these last words so despairingly, and with such a hopeless look in his deep, dark eyes, the tears of compassion started to Miss Van

Twiller's own blue orbs. Running into the house again, she roused Mr. Van Twiller from comfortable dreams concerning the potato crop, and in a very short space of time Mr. Oliver Stetson found himself ensconced upon the lounge in the cool sitting-room, with motherly Mrs. Van Twiller flitting anxiously about him with salts and camphor and bandages, while Miss Van Twiller fanned him gently. Mr. John Van Twiller, Jr., was dispatched for the doctor. "How did it happen?" queried he, as he busily prepared splints, and lint, and bandages. In a faint voice Mr. Stetson described the gyrations of the sorrel colt, and the ultimate termination of his afternoon's ride.

"But I might have known before I started," he concluded, "it would turn out this way. It's just my eternal luck."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the crusty old doctor, "If a man's fool enough to drive a colt that's never been in harness, he deserves to have his neck broken. You got off easy." Mr. Stetson was too weak to dispute the question, but his whole manner said clearly: "It's no use for you to argue with me; the same thing would have happened if I'd taken out old Joe, the plough horse. Its only my luck, and I don't expect anything else."

It was three weeks before Mr. Stetson could return to the paternal mansion, and during those three weeks Miss Van Twiller waited upon him, read to him, and sympathized until, at last—how can we explain it? How often has that trite old phrase rung in our ears, "Pity is akin to love." It was pity which filled Miss Van Twiller's heart when first she saw him lying among the black-eyed Susans. It was pity that made her sigh when she saw the sad, resigned expression in his eyes, as he plaintively declared it to be "his luck." But was it pity that filled her blue eyes with tears when he left her? or was it pity which made her sigh, as she remembered how gratefully he had thanked her for her kindness to a "poor, unlucky fellow like him?" If not, it was something to which pity is akin. Mr. Oliver Stetson, his arm in a sling, was driven home again by his father, after his three weeks' absence. His eyes were more sad, his brow more gloomy than ever. "It was just his luck," he thought, for him to fall in love with a girl who wouldn't have

him. He sighed regretfully as he thought of that memorable afternoon when he had returned to consciousness among the black-eyed Susans, and found her sweet eyes looking down upon him pityingly. He would never dare to tell her his love, and he only went to see her once after his recovery. But if Mr. Stetson was backward in avowing his devotion, Mr. Brace, the young lawyer aforementioned, was not, and it was openly rumored that his sole reason for running for the legislature, this year, was that he might offer Miss Van Twiller a home at the capital, where, if ambition stirred her, she might shine as a society queen. Mr. Stetson groaned when this piece of information was told him. "Oliver," said his father, one day, "why don't you run for the legislature; I've got consid'able influence 'round here, and all the other farmers will support you?" "Twouldn't do any good, father, luck's against me; I couldn't get elected." "Shucks with your eternal nonsense about luck. It's pluck, not luck, that wins, an' you're goin' to run for this legislature and get there, too." Mr. Oliver Stetson submitted himself resignedly to the inevitable, and resolved to go in and get defeated as heroically as possible. But the day before election he became tortured with the thought that he was not doing right. Mr. Brace, his opponent, had evidently succeeded in winning the affections of Miss Van Twiller, and if elected, would introduce her to all the pleasures and gaities of the capital. Was it grateful, after all she had done for him, to run against her lover?

Of course he (Stetson) couldn't be elected, but all the same the principle of the thing was wrong. So, finally, he resolved to go and see her, apologize for his ungratefulness and withdraw himself from the contest. His face wore a resigned, peaceful look as he waited in the cool parlor of the Van Twiller mansion. When Miss Van Twiller entered his heart sank. She greeted him very coldly, seated herself on the edge of the chair and tapped the carpet impatiently with her foot. Yes, he knew it; she was angry with him because he had run against Mr. Brace. "Miss Van Twiller," he began, his mournful eyes fixed upon her, "you were very kind to me a few weeks ago." She

looked at him curiously. "Well?" she said coldly. "And I want you to feel that I am grateful." Miss Van Twiller stamped her foot impatiently.

"I know you think I'm not," he continued nervously, "and so I came here to apologize, and show you that I am."

Miss Van Twiller's foot had ceased its tapping the carpet, and she looked at him intently.

"I didn't want to run for the Legislature," he declared earnestly. "But father was set upon it, and so I let them put me up, and I never thought till last night about Mr. Brace, and I wanted to tell you that I would withdraw my name, so that he will be elected unanimously, and—and—" "And what?" cried Miss Van Twiller sharply. "And you can go to the capital with him," he finished brokenly. Miss Van Twiller rose from her chair so suddenly that she startled him. "Mr. Stetson," she said, angrily, "you are the biggest fool I have ever seen!" Then suddenly bursting into tears, she fled and left him gazing after her. His face was a curious study—at first it seemed filled with puzzled astonishment, then a look of intense thoughtfulness passed over his brow, and, finally, strangest of all, a dim, faint, joyous light came into his dark eyes. It was almost laughable to see it there. It looked so out of place, so uncomfortable, as if it were a stranger, and couldn't get used to its surroundings! He took a card from the receiver and hastily penciled this note on its back:

DEAR MISS VAN TWILLER.—Won't you please come back for a moment? I have something of the greatest importance to say to you. It isn't about the election, or Brace, or anything but *myself*.

OLIVER STETSON.

He found Mrs. Van Twiller in the garden and she readily consented to take the note to her daughter, while he waited there.

And she did come back again, with her lovely eyes all dimmed with tears and regarding him reproachfully, and in the garden, among the sweet peas and hollyhocks and daisies, who had witnessed his first entrance there, she promised him that if he were elected he should not go to the capital alone.

Mr. Stetson could not help confessing now that he was anxious about the election, and the next evening, when he drove down town, he was more excited than anyone had ever seen him before. As he drew up before the post office several of his supporters approached with a gloomy, disappointed look upon their faces. Brace was standing near them and he looked happy and satisfied. Mr. Oliver Stetson's heart sank within him. "Never mind, boys, it's only my luck." He wondered why they all laughed.

"Brace," said Mr. Jones, "jes' bet us fellers drinks fer the crowd thet you'd say 'My luck' ef we laid fer you. So we did, an' I kinder reckon the drinks is on us, but we 'lows you'll stand fer them, 'cause we jes' run yer in by the biggest majority ever polled in Tuscadoga county." "And say, Stetson," said Brace, taking him aside, "I'm just about tired of you're springing that everlasting whine about your ill luck. Why, confound you, you're the luckiest dog I ever saw. Here, when all the rest of us were thinking ourselves crazy trying to find some method for bringing Miss Van Twiller around, what do you do, but go and get yourself chucked into her flower garden and get nursed by her for three weeks, and don't I know you got off something about your ill luck, just because your arm got smashed. Why, I'd have been willing to break two arms and a leg to have gotten the chance you did. And then you come in and win this election, hands down. Talk to me about hard luck. I'm the unfortunate fellow, and from now on I suggest we trade places. You shall be the lucky, I the unlucky man."

An odd smile flitted across Stetson's face. He looked at Brace humorously for a moment and then said, hesitatingly: "I-I don't know, I think I prefer being the unlucky fellow."

C Waldo Cherry.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the October LIT. will be due October 1st.

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

WE ARE surprised that any contributor should not know that anonymous contributions can not be received or considered. It seems strange that any writer should be ignorant of this inexorable custom in journalism. We have received more than one unsigned contribution we were on this account unable to use. If a contributor prefers that his name should not be published, of course his wishes will be respected, and the authorship will be considered confidential; but no attention can be paid to contributions which come to us anonymously.

PRINCETON COLLEGE AND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE recent trial and conviction of Dr. Briggs, while of profound interest to all thinking men, is a topic with which, of course, the LIT. has nothing to do. As laymen, we naturally have our views on the subject, but they find expression through other mediums than the LIT. But when certain inaccurate statements in regard to Princeton College are scattered broadcast over the country and repeated in the editorials of the secular press, we do most earnestly protest. We refer to the habit of newspapers to refer to the prosecution as "The Princeton Element in the Presbyterian Church."

This false and misleading designation probably arises from a confusion, in the minds of many, of Princeton College with the

Princeton Theological Seminary. Between the College and the Seminary there is no organic connection whatever. With the Briggs case Princeton College has nothing whatever to do. The College takes no side in theological controversy. In fact, the case for Dr. Briggs was largely conducted by Trustees of the College, but we should not, therefore, say, that Princeton sided with him in the dispute, although that would be more justifiable than to state the opposite.

This is the first time that we have had occasion to refer even remotely to questions of theology, and we hope that it will be the last. We are only driven to speak because of the erroneous ideas that have found voice in the daily press. Princeton College is non-sectarian. It is a Christian College, and always will be, but no denomination, and still less, no portion of a denomination can claim it for its own.

The conviction of Dr. Briggs is neither condemned nor approved by Princeton College.

NOTICE.

FOR the convenience of men visiting the World's Fair, the LIT. has established a register at Chicago for Princeton men. This ought to prove of great convenience to the students, and by keeping them informed of each other's whereabouts, add largely to the pleasure of the trip. The use of this book will be entirely gratuitous; it will be known as the NASSAU LIT. REGISTER for Princeton College, and will be kept at the office of the *Chicago Tribune*. All men connected with the College, who may visit Chicago this summer, are requested to register their name and address upon arrival.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WHEN a large object is so near us as to occupy most of the field of vision, after we have become accustomed to it it happens often that we fail to notice it. The World's Fair fills

such a prominent place in the public press, and is so much talked of that it seems like a nine days' wonder, whose mystery has become commonplace. If the Fair were at London or Paris most of us would probably know more about it than we do now. Distance magnifies everything, from a local politician to an International Exposition. The Fair is more talked of in Europe than it is here. And so it happens that a great many people who might go to Chicago this summer are quite apathetic and seem perfectly willing to stay away.

In our judgment they are making a great mistake. It is true that a great part of the Exposition will not be of value to all. To a person not especially interested in manufactures it would hardly be worth while to spend a summer in Chicago for the sake of becoming familiar with the making of condensed milk and mowing machines. But there is something for all, and what makes it of universal interest is that here we have an epitome of the world. Not alone in the exhibits of the various nations, but still more strictly in their representatives and visitors, will the student of humanity behold a picture of our planet earth. Here, in this marvellous gathering of the nations, he will find a new Arcadia, a new Cheapside; for his benefit the Nevski Prospect and the Champs Elysées are reproduced; a great, western, shifting, hurrying, careless, kaleidoscopic crowd of humanity—where could you find it but in Chicago, and when but in 1893? And then there are the buildings—whited sepulchres though they are, that before another year shall vanish away and leave no trace behind—yet they bring before us a mosaic of the world. There has never been such an architectural display since the time of the Roman Empire.

Architecture is not only "frozen music"; it is history, and literature, and religion in stone. Here one may see the most stupendous object-lesson in the evolution of society that has ever been given the human eye. Here is the social fabric in all stages of development. Here is the infant, the boy and the soldier. Let the student of humanity mingle in this concourse of his fellow beings; let him revel in it; let him drink of the stream and then tell in what stage of evolution America belongs.

GOSSIP.

To Alma Mater sing—
Bright College Years, with all their strife,
The brightest, happiest years of life!

SPRING is the halcyon time in Princeton. Even the Exams are comfortable, now that pocket rolls and watches have been retired to the shelf. Instead of going into Examination Hall like a prison convict, and being glared at for hours by the proctors, you can now sit down, disrobe, take out your pipe and tobacco, and at least be comfortable, if not enjoy yourself. Everything is vouchsafed to you except the unparalleled excitement of handling a crib. At noon, there is always the Varsity practice to watch, or if it is very hot, the front campus to loaf on. Then at five it cools off, and the air is just right for a short stroll down Mercer street, with its Gothic arches of Elms, or through the Rhododendrons of Guernsey Hall; or, if you can once get past William street, there is always a breeze on the Varsity Grounds. The green diamond, cut by the magic hand of Jack, stands out in bold relief. The trackmen are running, and if it is clear, you can see the light-house far off on the Neversink Highlands. In the evening, when the Seniors sing on the steps, and the front of old North lights up with the reddish rays of the setting sun, and the Elms throw dark shadows across the lawn, we lie on the grass and spend an hour of unalloyed bliss. Then the dusk comes, and the cigars glow red, the Mandolin Club plays "Moskowski's Serenata." The campus is a lazy, dreaming paradise! Surely the Goddess of Spring is kind to us!

Commencement is here. To the majority of us, this means that another lazy summer has come, with all its sails and dances and general careless good time. But to the Seniors it is an ending, and still worse a commencement—for after four long years of happy undergraduate life, they've at last gone out from their alma mater, and will soon enter the wide, wide world.

Our friend, the little philosopher, suddenly beholds that there is a worse theory to confront than Schopenhauer's and Descartes', and the long-haired poet who has lived among his hazy golden dreams, awakes and sees that the time has come when, instead of lovingly polishing off his sweetest madrigal, he will soon be priding himself in the shading to the twirl of his latest S on the bank ledger. Then there is the athlete, who, day in and day out, has toiled for hours upon the foot ball and base-ball fields. He has gotten his name in the paper, and sometimes a few cheers, and a pat on the back—or curses when we've been unlucky. Who ever thinks of the hours of worry and anguish and

despair, he has spent. He can tell you that his life is not all filled with 'Varsity stripes, and loafs on the club-house veranda. Few have worked so hard for old Princeton, and few have learned to love it more, though it has been of late, as some one sadly remarked, a good place to train for disappointments in life.

Yes, college is a pretty fine old place after all—though once in a while we do doubt what's the use in it—but that's when we're sour-balled, or the March fogs go prowling our walks, or the rain drives into our faces, as we run to morning chapel. The more the Gossip thinks of this, the happier he is that there is still a barrier of a year—short as it may be—between him and the time when he'll look down at the canal for the last time, as the train rattles and twists over the trestle.

How many times we have seen that canal—we can all remember how black and gloomy it looked the first time we rode over it in freshman year. We were nearing Princeton. How we quaked, our mouths grew parched, and straightway under the malign influence of the "Golden Fleece," we paid one dollar and a half to have our trunk moved two blocks. We heard of its merits from our Sophomore friends; we have walked by it, skated and rowed on it, and bathed in it these many times, and we've all grown to love it, ugly as it is—and it's the last bit of Princeton we'll catch a glimpse of, when the train pulls up the hill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" The long slow swell of the still sea
 Rises and falls, and sluggishly
 The wind-bound ship rolls to and fro,
 Soundless, save when the huge sails go
 With heavy boom from left to right,
 A few stars only trail their light
 In quivering snaky gleams below
 In the sea's depths.

* * * * *

" But westward far where sea and skies
 Blend in one darkness, breaks a beam
 Of wan faint light."

—William Sharp.

IT is very natural that just now, when the eyes of the civilized world are turned upon Chicago, the event which the great "White City" was built to commemorate should assume an even greater importance than ever.

The days of 1492 have been brought very near to us of late, and we have felt more than ever the significance of that October morning when the eyes that were weary with straining through the darkness of the night, and the gray light of the dawn were gladdened as the first rays of the rising sun sparkled from the surf that foamed white along a stretch of glistening sand beyond which there rose the bright, fresh verdure of an unknown shore.

The result is that a great deal of this year's literature consists of a strange mixture of the events of the last decades of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries that may be not inaptly compared to the strange spectacle that was lately presented when the tiny, lateen-sailed caravels of Columbus and the colossal steel-clad men-of-war of our modern navies lay at anchor in the Hudson, side by side. To whatever magazine or newspaper we turn we are sure to find either most interestingly written and finely illustrated articles on Columbus and his times or voluminous letters from Chicago correspondents. Served up in our morning papers or in the readable and well-illustrated pages of our two great weeklies, *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's*, or in the unsurpassed articles that *Scribner's* and *The Century* offer us, Columbus and Chicago are everywhere present, one and inseparable. In England and on the Continent, too, the magazines have their correspondents in the "Windy City," and illustrate the huge buildings for their readers quite as we do here, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, *The Graphic* and *The London News* doing the best work in this line.

All this is right, for though one of the fellows did voice the opinion of a great many people, the other day, when he said, as he sat in the Lrr. room with his feet on the table, smoking a cigarette and rummaging through the exchanges, "Oh, Columbus is getting to be a good deal of a chestnut, nowadays." This is only the most superficial view. Judged by the standard of relative importance, shall the discovery of America sink into the background when compared with Marathon and the Norman Conquest, and the Great Charter, and all the events of the world's history that have aided in the progress of liberty and the westward course of Empire?

It must be said, however, that much harm is being done by the circulations of the production of a certain class of writers who can only be compared with the nefarious "market-hunter," and who put out books with attractive titles to catch the eye of the public, but the contents of which are plotless and worthless. Several such have appeared this year from the pen of John Musick, a Missouri writer, which promise, at first sight, to be very interesting, but which are worse than disappointing. Fortunately, these are the exceptions to the general excellence of the Columbian literature of 1893.

Before taking up this month's magazines we must allude to the latest sensation in literary circles, the offering of the Poet-Laureateship to Mr. John Ruskin, an action that has been most severely criticised. *The Critic* calls it "the only indication of approaching senility that Mr. Gladstone has yet given," and the generally expressed sentiment is that if the Laureateship is bestowed in recognition of past work it should be given to Mr. Swinburne; if in token of the expectation of greater work yet to come, it should belong to Mr. William Watson, who has, fortunately, just recovered from his late mental trouble.

MAGAZINES.

The June *Arena* is a mammoth number. It is probably the largest magazine ever published as a monthly issue of a review, containing one hundred and sixty-four pages, of which one hundred and forty-four are in the body of the magazine, and twenty pages of carefully written book reviews by such well-known critics as Rev. W. H. Thomas, D.D., of Chicago; Helen Campbell, Hattie C. Flower, Hamlin Garland, and the editor of the *Arena*. Among the leading papers in this notable anniversary issue are: Insanity and Genius, by Arthur McDonald; The Liberal Churches and Scepticism, by Rev. Marlon D. Shutter, D.D.; Arsenic versus Cholera, by R. B. Leach, M. D., is interesting and timely; Women Wage-earners in the West, by Helen Campbell; Does the country Demand the Free Coinage of Silver, by A. C. Fisk; Save the American Home, a striking economic paper, by I. E. Dean; Islam, Past and Present, by Prof. F. W. Sanders, one of the most scholarly religious

essays of recent times, and should be read by all interested in obtaining a correct idea of what Mohammedanism is; Union for Practical Progress, by the Editor, a strong plea for the union of progressive and reformative impulses for educational and practical work. Mr. Flower also contributes a striking paper, entitled *Parisian Fashionable Folly versus American Common Sense*, which deals with the dress reform movement now being so vigorously pushed by the National Council of Women of America. This paper is handsomely illustrated, containing twelve or fourteen large photogravures of Boston ladies in the new reform costumes. Mrs. Frances E. Russell, Chairman of the Dress Committee of the National Council, also contributes a paper on *Freedom in Dress*. One of the most striking features of this issue is a symposium advocating the charms of the Maize as the National flower. To this symposium a number of eminent writers contribute, and the charms of Indian corn are set forth in such a way as to appeal to the reason and sentiment of all readers. Altogether this is a most notable issue of this great progressive review, and no readers of magazines should pass it by.

A subject of great and growing importance, that of "Irrigation in the Arid States," has the first place in *The Popular Science Monthly* for June. The article is by Charles Howard Shinn, who describes practical methods and their results, illustrating both with handsome cuts. Herbert Spencer concludes in this number his essay on "The Inadequacy of 'Natural Selection,'" which has attracted much attention from thoughtful evolutionists. "The Ceremonial Use of Tobacco," comprising the use of tobacco as incense and sacrifice and in the operations of seers and medicine-men, is described by John Hawkins. "An Ethnologic Study of the Yuruks," a wandering people of Turkey, is contributed by Alcide T. M. d'Andria. The features, dress and dwellings of this people are shown in illustrations. Under the title "Modern Miracles," Prof. E. P. Evans describes some of the astonishing feats of Arabian and Hindu fakirs. An article describing "The Phenomena of Death in Battle" is contributed by George L. Kilmer. In "The Revival of Witchcraft," some of the later developments of hypnotism are shown to be based on fraud and delusion. The article is by Dr. Ernest Hart, who has examined most of the famous hypnotic subjects in Paris. Certain "Adaptations of Seeds and Fruits," which serve to utilize favorable and resist unfavorable influences, are described by J. W. Folsom. In "Why Grow Old?" some hints toward preserving early vigor are given. James Macdonald's interesting account of "East Central African Customs" is concluded in this number. Frank H. Eaton describes "The Bay of Fundy Tides and Marshes." Sir Archibald Geikie is the subject of the usual "Sketch and Portrait."

Rodolfo Lanciani's new paper, called "New Facts Concerning the Pantheon," which opens the June number of the *Atlahtic Monthly*, is another instance of this writer's power in presenting in a living and entertaining way a subject which has great possibilities of dryness. Most

people who should endeavor to give facts, however new, about the Pantheon, would inevitably lapse into dullness and prosiness; but Professor Lanciani tells so brightly and concisely what he has to tell, that one wishes discoveries in Rome were more frequent if they could be reported by so clever a writer. A paper which should be read in connection with this is Mr. J. Irving Manatt's "Reminiscences of Dr. Schliemann." This article, written by one who knew Dr. Schliemann well, gives an intimate account of the home life of the great archaeologist, of his family, and of his personal characteristics. The name of Schliemann suggests Greek literature, and thus we naturally turn to a paper by William Cranston Lawton, on "Womanhood in the Iliad," which abounds in those delightful rhythmic translations with which Mr. Lawton is wont to illuminate the articles which he writes upon the classics.

EXCHANGES.

The Wellesly Magazine. "A Bird's-Eye view of European Politics," by Luise C. M. Habemeyer, unusually elaborate and comprehensive. "Spanish Dancing Song," Lillian Corbett Barnes, rhythmical and pretty. "A Chiel's Amang Yee Taking Notes," and her notes are very bright and life-like. "A Botany Lesson (not as taught at Wellesley)," is very good, too.

The Yale Lit. for May. The sketch "Jen," by Lindsay Denison, a really excellent bit of dialect. "College Sincerity," by Henry Lane Eno, is a thoughtful bit on the importance of seriousness in college life, and applies quite well to other colleges than Yale.

The Columbia Literary Monthly is only four months old, but is a very welcome addition to our Table. It has the difficulties that surround all new magazines to contend with, but its May number is very commendable. "Bink," by Richard Austin Dobson, and "Bossnet and Daniel Webster," by Prof. Adolphe Cohn, are its best articles.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES.

Who once has lingered by those inland seas
And watched them whiten when the storm-winds blow,
Or drifted with their subtle tideless flow
And felt upon his cheek their cooling breeze,
And listened to the murmur of the trees
That bend around the margin, drooping low,
And marked the dying sun's reflected glow,
And has not felt their magic on him seize?—*Yale Lit.*

MY COLLEGE LOVE.

My college love? Perhaps 'tis he
Who blithely burns a cigarette
And lights the muse through verses three;
Perchance 'tis he whose charms are set
In tenor tones to tuneful key—
Besides I'm strangled in a net
Of banjo-strings, whose harmony
Sets forth love's tender alphabet.

My college love? I can't forget,
Adonis or Terpsichore!
At tennis court one dearer yet
Quite oft declares, "'tis love," to me;
To heroes of the field, a debt
Of homage, say I, ardently,
And sigh farewell with fond regret,
When foot-ball claims one devotee.

My college love? Ah, well you see,
So many charming youths I've met
Who could with graceful gallantry
Slide through love's mystic minuet,
That composite my love must be—
For it were hard indeed to let
One reign alone, while memory
Blends all in soulful silhouette.—*The Inlander.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALITY. BY ANTOINETTE BROWN
BLACKWELL. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The atom is a correlation of vibratory motions; if these motions are dissociated in (*e. g.*) an atom of carbon, the elements will no longer belong to the relative order. "The physical world is literally one vast complex of associated and perpetually modifying and exchanging modes of motion." Modifications in the forms of action of an atom arise exclusively and continuously from without itself through co-operations (with other atoms) whose increasing complexity produces an increasing evolution of more and more complex forms. Radiating, vibratory motions in atoms may be horizontal, perpendicular, or curved; and when two or more atoms, having complementary or homologous motions, approach each other they become a molecule. The theory is applied to explain the different valencies of chemical actions; and proves in the author's hands a beautiful solution of the phenomena of heat, light, sound, together with their transferences, electricity, magnetism, radiation and gravitation.

But the rhythmic atom has two sides, a material and a psychic. It is a potential mind. "Nascent sentience it must have from the beginning of its correlativity." Mind pertains only to one and the same rhythmic-motion individual and is developed just in proportion as its atomic body comes into active co-operation with the rest of closely related nature. The individual may be the mind-side of the whole living organism, or of a single atom—a perfect consciousness or mere sentience. "So far from mind being a property of matter, matter is but the vantage-ground, the place, the ever-balanced sustainer, the helpful servitor of mind." The theory presents, as the view of consciousness with which psychology starts, the Lockian conception of a congeries of atomic sensations, and the author is committed to trace in detail the process through which these sensations are transmuted into logical conceptions and the world of reason.

In the introductory chapter we read, "Given active intelligence and its laws, rational thought (organically assisted) everywhere mediates between simple sensations, gotten through passive intelligence, and transmutes them into subsequent ideas." Knowledge is possible, because both mind and its object are constituted by a harmonious correlation of qualities and quantities. "Ideal relationships, functions, principles—all non-material facts—are ideal existences in the external as in the internal universe." Knowledge is a function of this principle of identity in mind and its object. In the chapter on "Correlated Mind

and Matter," the development of mind from the nascent sentience of the single atom is explained as due to its active co-operation with closely related nature. The co-operations of two-sided rhythmic atoms are made the condition and ultimate explanation of both external nature and mind.

The question at once arises as to the nature of a co-operation. Is it a mere chance, together of rhythmic atoms? or is there some immanent spiritual principle in the relative, constituting the unconscious principle of order in nature and the conscious principle of order in man? Does mechanism explain and underlie teleology? or is the latter also an ultimate fact in the world? If the latter alternative be the true one, then whence is teleology? Obviously, the ultimate explanation of the relative must lie outside the relative order in some absolute personal intelligence. By this train of thought, the author is led in the last chapter to the postulate of a "Rational Cause of Intelligent Design and Intention." Creating the relative from the absolute is creation by limitations, which, however, do not create power, but merely decide the nature of its manifestations.

The author has not considered that she has reached two absolute postulates—one, an absolute totality of power and motion; the other, an infinite intelligence. She has made the former a positive power, separate from the latter and yet absolute, and the question arises whether it does not amount to a condition to the power of the infinite mind. In the last chapter we are told that the latter gives to the former its nature and reality, but we are left with the suggestion of many difficulties unsatisfied. We wish the author had discussed the relation of these two postulates to each other, and of the relative order to both more fully; but this would, of course, have greatly extended the work. We are left as wholly unsatisfied with her doctrine of immortality. If it deserves the name, it does not seem to be an immortality which anyone would want. Finally, the theory of the intimate relation of the absolute to the relative is commended to us as a most satisfactory one to the religious consciousness, and yet the work has reached no higher conception of God than a mere abstract principle of intelligence. The work is most useful in its physical speculations. The theory of the rhythmic atom seems to be a very beautiful and very potent one.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

By HORATIO BRIDGE. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The author of this delightful little book says somewhere in its pages that he is not criticising Hawthorne as a writer of romances, nor is he attempting a biography. His purpose seems to be to shed such side lights on the life and character of the greatest American novelist as can be imparted only from a long and close friendship. To college men the word friendship has a meaning which is significant and deep. Horatio Bridge was the college chum of Hawthorne in the class of 1825 at

Bowdoin, a class which also numbered among its members Longfellow and Franklin Pierce. Till Hawthorne's death the friendship continued, kept up by mutual visits and a correspondence, a large part of which is here reproduced. In the college reminiscences we see the traits of the future novelist, which were accentuated into the marked peculiarities of later years. The letters give us a broader view of Hawthorne as a man; they seem, in particular, to display something of the lighter and more genial side of his nature. Also, they acquaint us with his struggles against poverty, his own comments on his writings and on their reception at all stages of his literary career. The book is written in a style which, if a little terse, is none the less delightful to peruse. Though, as a rule, we confine our criticisms to the contents, we here must praise the tasty and beautiful form in which the work is bound.

OUTLINE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF HISTORY. BY JOHANN GUSTAV DROYSSEN. TRANSLATED BY PROF. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This book deserves more than a few passing words of commendation, for without being unique of its kind it yet possesses elements which will make it a power in the historical world. One of the greatest drawbacks in most English translations of German historical and philosophical works lies in the fact of the inability to, or rather the difficulty of applying the cumbersome German diction to clear, concise English expression, so the thought is generally buried under a mass of words and phrases and is only with difficulty exhumed. Prof. Andrews is to be congratulated on his success in transferring the aphoristic and rather disconnected statements of Prof. Droysen, and moulding them into a homogeneous and harmonious whole.

The "Outlines of the Principles of History" can hardly claim to be entirely original. The German school of philosophers and historians—if we may be permitted to use a term so broad that it comprises many antagonistic and heterogeneous theorists—have long been engaged in ferreting out the facts of history and endeavoring to formulate them into a logical evolution. Hegel, in his "Philosophy of History," has perhaps succeeded better than any of his contemporaries or successors in presenting fact and cause in proper sequence and consequence, and it is to Hegel that Prof. Droysen may be said to be especially indebted for much of his admirable reasoning. But this book is short—only about six score pages—and in many parts it exhibits the careful, painstaking, original result of Prof. Droysen's peculiar and praiseworthy genius.

The whole discourse presents the "Problem of History," and without attempting to give an analytic and adequate answer, yet Prof. Droysen does present the latest and most complete data necessary and leaves the solution to posterity. Perhaps this problem, which is so intermingled with other questions, moral, ethical, physical, and metaphysical, will never be satisfactorily solved, but it is eminently necessary for the

student of history to have at his command the methods of systematic study and these this book will give him in a most concise and complete form. Taking up the divisions of the work the book successively treats of, I. "The Doctrine of Method," II. "The Doctrine of System," III. "The Doctrine of Systematic Presentation," and contains, beside a biography of Prof. Droysen, discussions on, I. "The Elevation of History to the Rank of Science," II. "Nature and History," III. "Art and Method."

WOLFENBERG. BY WILLIAM BLACK. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROS.)

The scene of this story is laid on board a Mediterranean steamer of the "Orient Line." The story itself is the blind and trusting love of Wolfenberg, an artist, for one of his pupils. The girl fails to realize how much she values his friendship until she is compromised and beyond his reach. The suicidal death of the heroine nearly breaks the hero's heart, working in him a complete change of character, for where before he was selfish, even in his love, now he is kind and beneficent to all. In a letter written just before her death, the young woman shows that at last she keenly feels how much Wolfenberg has become to her, and in it she begs for his forgiveness. The other characters of the book are strongly drawn, and several are almost on an equality in depiction with Wolfenberg and Amilie. The situations are generally good, and many are intensely exciting. The work is written in this well known author's usual happy style.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PANICS IN THE UNITED STATES. BY CLEMENT JUGLER. TRANSLATED BY DE COURCY W. THOM. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

To the body of the work the translator has prefixed an introductory chapter on the indications of approaching panics. In this preliminary essay Mr. Thom classifies the various kinds of panics which have occurred in this country, briefly outlining the causes to which they may be attributed. He also endeavors to disprove "the theory that new tariffs are directly productive of panics."

The main part of the work is devoted to the periodical occurrence of panics in this country, with especial reference to American banks. The author begins his narrative in the old colony times, bringing his account down through the panic of 1890, so that one of the merits of the work is its freshness. Written as it is by a Frenchman, influenced by no questions of party or of politics, we are not surprised to find a most fair and at the same time comprehensive treatment of the subject. The dangers which now confront us, the lessons which our past experience should teach, are clearly set forth. Translator and author have both illustrated their points with a number of charts and diagrams, helpful to

a proper understanding of the subject. We find in the volume a valuable addition to the works on this branch of economics.

DONALD MARCY. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

There has been one truly great college story—"Tom Brown at Oxford." But this is an English tale, it is not representative of our American colleges; they differ from the Oxford of Tom Brown in a thousand ways. Both graduates and outsiders have seen in colleges such an attractive field that many have wet their pens with the ink of academic romance. Yet both have singularly failed. Take "Arthur Bonnicastle," for example, or "His Majesty, Myself." Admirable stories, no doubt, but they are not representative, for they deal with our institutions in their infancy. It is true they are no older than the book of Mr. Hughes, yet the Oxford of his day is practically the Oxford of our own times; while with us the great and representative institutions have undergone a marvelous development and college life has attained a corresponding growth. To be sure, many works of fiction contain the most perfect representations of certain college scenes and some phases of college character, but where in all the long list, ending with the unfortunate "Harry's Career at Yale," where is the *the* American college story?

We regret to say that we do not find it in "Donald Marcy." We are reminded of the theatre of a country town where one sees the same scenery and the same settings with every play. The story is the conventional college tale; we find a rush, a hazing, a rustication, an oratorical contest, and surely the hero sometime or other has acted before us in another troupe. Judged from a college standpoint, the story does not seem natural,—we feel in need of a draught of good fresh air from the campus.

But while not the longed-for college classic, we are far from saying that it is not a most pretty and entertaining story. The heroine is certainly a sweet and lovely girl, the ideal college girl of the period, and the love of Donald is certainly ennobling and beautiful. The conversation is amusing and bright and the book is written in an easy, graceful style.

ENGLAND AND ITS RULES. BY H. POMEROY BREWSTER AND GEORGE H. HUMPHREY. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

This is a valuable book, especially for reference. It displays excellent judgment and a pleasing sense of proportion, and while there is not a superfluous word, the style is readable. The purpose is evidently not so much to show cause and effect in their mutual relations, but rather to disengage from the mass of facts in the centuries of English history, those facts which are related to the permanent forces of the nation and to record them in a clear, terse, and succinct manner. This is admirably

done. Despite the fact that it is thus merely a compendium, it contains much of popular interest, and some really curious and valuable data which are not found in the average historical sketch. Particular attention is paid to the habits of the people, socially, politically and religiously, and the early part of English history is admirably treated. The valuable indexes and tables with which the book abounds add much to its value.

DEAREST. BY MRS. FORRESTER. (NEW YORK: TAIT SONS & Co.)

Especially to those who are admirers of the Charlotte Brontë style of novels will this book appeal. In character sketch and gradual development it shows many praiseworthy features, but it is not what one would call a strong novel, for the authoress has not allowed herself a sufficiently wide scope to display her talents. By far the best depicted character in the plot is that of the governess, Miss Le Briton, and in this the authoress shows her true power, which is to a great extent veiled in other portions of the book.

It is an interesting story, told in a very matter-of-fact way, and the dialogues show here and there a trace of humor which greatly enhances the effect of the whole.

OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY. BY H. F. PELHAM, M. A., F. S. A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

The writer is the Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford and the history is a reprint, with many additions, of his article in a late edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The work is divided into seven books, the writer beginning with the earliest authentic times and ending with the extinction of the Western Empire. The greater portion of the volume is purposely given the period included between the death of Gracchus and the ending of Nero's reign. The writer is a man of broad learning and the long list of authorities testifies to the amount of his research in the preparation of the work. The institutions and customs of Rome, their gradual change and evolution with the slow expansion of the nation are well described. The writer shows in his narration great powers of condensation and selection and is gifted with a good share of philosophic insight. We might mention among the many merits of the book its comprehensive grasp, its elevation above mere detail to a discussion of great movements of history, also to the special prominence which is given to the events of particular importance. Such characteristics show the author to be a true historian and not a mere chronicler. The volume possesses a number of maps and is contained in an excellent binding.

CAP AND GOWN. POEMS CHOSEN BY JOSEPH LE ROY HARRISON. (BOSTON: JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY.)

A book prettily bound in satin and gold came to us to-day, which is of special interest to college men. "Cap and Gown" is a collection of

poems and verses taken from the leading college periodicals of the country, and among the selections we are glad to see numerous clippings from our own back numbers.

As the editor says in his preface, "College verse, like everything belonging to college life, has an individuality of its own." One need not look far through the pages to determine in what this individuality consists, for it has been clearly illustrated by Mr. Harrison's judicious selections. For one thing it is the presence of true poetic form,—college men above all others should know what this comprises. But the more important thing is the bright, happy tone, the cheerful note of love and youth and spirits, which is the only fitting key in which young people with the best of life before them should sing.

And does not this collection of beautiful little poems also contain some word of promise for the future? Recall the long list of English writers and run over the little group of great American poets. Nearly all, and certainly most of the best, are college men. And from the great number of college writers whose contributions fill this volume, is it not fair to hope for some few really great poets in the future? We wish to commend Mr. Harrison in the heartiest terms for his happy and novel idea.

MR. TOMMY DOVE AND OTHER STORIES. BY MARGRET DELAND.
(BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

These five stories by Mrs. Deland are not meant simply to while away a careless, thoughtless hour. They are remarkably well written and readable and will fulfill their object of starting us thinking, when thinking can hardly fail to modify our opinions and give us new motives for unselfishness. They are true to life—true to a part of life that always seems joyless and dark—the old maid's existence, and they describe accurately and strongly the tragedies that too often occur in such lives through the indifference and selfishness of others who think, as Mr. Temple in *Mr. Tommy Dove*, the first of the stories, that "Janey hasn't any mind, particularly, but she is a very good sort of person to depend on," and so make use of her regardless of her interests or the love that might brighten her life.

The Face on the Wall is the most powerful and vividly written of the stories, a tale in which Paul Calkins, a painter, is made illustrative of man's struggling moods of sensuality and spirituality.

The next story, *Elizabeth*, tells of the attempt of an elderly lady to keep the man she loves true to the memory of his wife.

At Whose Door well describes the repression of the natural desire for enjoyment and affection which is so painfully practiced in some households. The scene is laid among the Friends.

The last story is the longest. It is the only one that could be called at all amusing, and the comic parts are really the most pathetic. *A Fourth Class Appointment* paints the slow attention to post office duties in a retired village. The summer boarders find fault with the service of the widow and her elderly daughter and after the presidential election

this meagre part of the "spoils" is given to an active partisan. The daughter lays aside her own personal feelings and marries him to save her mother from want and the shock of losing "her official position."

WHAT IS POETRY? BY LEIGH HUNT. EDITED BY ALBERT S. COOK.
(BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

Few critics have ever lived who have had more of a natural instinct for beauty than Leigh Hunt. And it is as a critic of poetry that he finds his truest sphere. The essay *What is Poetry?* which we find in this little volume, is taken from his "Imagination and Fancy," which is, perhaps, the best of his prose writings.

Starting with his fine, comprehensive definition of poetry, the whole essay contains so much of deep and beautiful thought and elegant criticism that we are pleased with the happy idea of Professor Cook of turning this classic into a text-book for class-room study. But Leigh Hunt was really not the first to point out the important distinction between imagination and fancy. In an appendix the editor has thoughtfully given us such selections from Richter, Coleridge and Wordsworth as bear upon this point.

OLD KASKASKIA. BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A pleasing little story of the bright, fresh days of the early West, when there yet lingered along the banks of the Mississippi the beautiful romance and Arcadian simplicity of the first French settlers, long before the hurry and rush of English civilization had entered to sweep them all away, to leave us only the memory of those joyous and happy times.

The plot is a simple one, laid in Kaskaskia, the oldest town of Illinois, and hinges on the rise and flooding of the Mississippi. Though at moments even tragic in some of its presentations, it is but the "old, old story" of love, its joys and disappointments, veiled with a slightly different mask and hidden under somewhat varied circumstances. Some of the scenes and conversations are rather ingenious and often amusing, yet at times the characters are somewhat overdrawn. In places the diction is excellent, but the story lacks unity, and more than one of the characters might be omitted without affecting the thread of the plot. Still, taken as a whole, the book is quite readable and often very interesting.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. BY FELIX PYAT. TRANSLATED BY BENJ. R. TUCKER. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

The novel is the history of a Paris rag-picker, a class with whom every visitor of the *Faubourg Saint Marcel* is familiar. With his iron hook and basket he seeks a livelihood among the rubbish and offal which choke the gutters of Paris. Gathered around Jean, the central and dominating character, are a number of lesser ones. The Duke of Crillon and Baron Hoffman, who are one and the same person, the author makes his expo-

nent of lust and avarice. Camille Burville and Marie Didier represent true affection and the story ends with their happy marriage. Pyat's power as a novelist lies more in his vivid depiction of human passions than in his power as a character builder. He only accentuates one side of human nature at a time. In the rag-pickers his characters are either all good or bad, with the exception of the Rag-Picker himself who is representative, and Claire, who is negative.

Pyat is socialistic in his views. He satirizes the Romish Church in particular and religion in general. His aim in this work has been to portray the terrible poverty of the poor of Paris and he has eminently succeeded. Poverty is before you everywhere in his story and the most abject, terrible poverty—poverty which makes one man murder another for a crust, that makes young girls surrender their virtue for the price of a night's lodging, that makes a mother abandon her offspring, and fills the morgues with the last relics of sad lives of those who, wearied with the misery and strife of life, have sought eternal rest beneath the muddy waters of the Seine.

This work has given Pyat a high rank among French novelists.

DON QUIXOTE. JOHN ORMSBY'S TRANSLATION. ABRIDGED AND EDITED BY MABEL F. WHEATON. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

We all recall the monotonous hours spent ever dull, uninteresting readers in our own school-days. We remember well the wearisome descriptive articles, the threadbare speeches, the unpoetic verses which our text books contained. And if ever by some chance we found a selection from some standard writer, it was even then too short and separated from its context to arouse our interest. We are glad to note a tendency now to impart, along with instruction in reading, some real knowledge of the works of the great masters of literature. The volume before us belongs to the series of *Classics for Children*, these works being especially prepared for use in the upper grades of our High and Grammar Schools. The authors from whose writings selections are made in this series are Shakespeare, Ruskin, Irving, Goldsmith, Lamb and many others, while we note among the editors such names as John Fiske, E. E. Hale, Charlotte M. Yonge.

Don Quixote is considerably abridged, but not enough to destroy the connection nor mar the unity of the whole. The editor has also prefaced a short biography of Cervantes, and, considering the purpose of the editor, the sketch is doubly necessary. Though designed especially for schools, the work is in a convenient form for general use.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. ABRIDGED BY EDWARD GINN. WITH LIFE BY MABEL F. WHEATON. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

Lord Chesterfield hardly comes up to our ideal of the perfect gentleman; he is an apostle of culture, but hardly of the culture of the broadest or the deepest type. We look to our ideal gentleman to have something more than a scholarly education, a high social position, and a

worldly refinement. Yet tainted as Lord Chesterfield is by society's vices, he has left us in his letters to his son a wonderful amount of practical, sensible advice and this though flavored by, is yet exalted above the world in which he lived.

Though Chesterfield's literary productions are considerable, only his letters now are read, the reason doubtless being that they, never designed to be published, are free from the over-elaborate style which mars his other works. It is of these letters that the great Dr. Johnson says, not "Take out the immorality and they should be put into the hands of every young gentleman." Such a sifting seems to have been made in this edition, the volume belonging to the series of "Classics for Children." We can also commend the admirable introductory sketch, the helpful explanatory notes, and the convenient form in which the work is published.

PHILLIPS BROOKS IN BOSTON. BY M. C. AYERS. (BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS.)

This little book, containing "five years' editorial estimates," appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* during the last part of the famous bishop's life. It is valuable for the insight it gives us into the secret of this great man's influence with "all sorts and conditions of men." The range of subjects is broad, showing the many sides of the great preacher's character. Mr. Ayers, the writer, shows not only a deep appreciation of the man, but also a very just and sensible conception of his relation to his time. It is well worth a careful reading.

NANON. BY GEORGE SAND. WITH INTRODUCTION AND ENGLISH NOTES BY B. D. WOODWARD, PH.D. (NEW YORK: WILLIAM R. JENKINS.)

A book which has run through half a dozen editions needs little comment at our hands as a work of fiction. Though not the equal of "Consuelo" or its sequel, yet on this book, written near the close of the authoress' life, rests considerable of her fame as a novelist. The merits of this edition are the convenient pocket form in which we find the work and the copious English notes by the editor.

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS? BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE. (CHICAGO: F. TENNYSON NEELY.)

Mrs. Frank Leslie writes from the standpoint of a society woman. Society to-day is superficial, and as much can be said of Mrs. Leslie's book. One hardly knows under what classification to put it. Mrs. Leslie herself calls it a collection of "sketches." One feels that she did so for lack of a better name. They are a sort of American *olla podrida* of love, politics, and religion. Although they seem to lie in the realm of discursive prose, they can hardly be called essays, they are not deep enough. Mrs. Leslie doesn't take up a subject and exhaust it, she touches on it once in a while, tells an entertaining little story, here and there and seeks another field.

The collection will doubtless please the popular taste of the day, which inclines more toward froth than good liquor. However, Mrs. Lealie gives evidence here and there in her "sketches" of marked ability as a writer. Her keen insight into human nature, and her power to delineate its freaks and foibles would render her successful, we think, in a higher field than that of the "society essay." Among the best chapters are those on, "Men Women Admire," "Art of Kissing," "What is a Lady?" and "The Natural Flirt."

THE MOSAIC RECORD OF THE CREATION EXPLAINED. BY
ABRAHAM G. JENNINGS. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: FLEMING H.
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